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LADY BEATRICE PRETYMAN AND HER CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE SILLY SEASON.

MANY intelligent men and women will recall the fact that not since the year 1898 have we enjoyed the full luxury of a silly season, and think with pleasure that it promises to return in full force this year. In 1899 war was declared just when silliness ought to have been in full swing, and in 1900 it still continued with sufficient intensity to save the country very effectually from ennui. Perhaps because it came in the silly season we entered on it with a light picnicking kind of a heart, believing that it would be over in three months, and not dreaming that it would provide any sensation much keener than was offered by a match between Yorkshire and Surrey or a cup final. Alas! that illusion was soon dispelled. News arrived that straightened up the nation like an electric shock, and the excitement of our most favourite games and pastimes soon became as nothing to that which was generated by the dreadful strain of war. But time goes ploughing on, and all our anxieties, though they may give place to new ones, are swept away to stern. The war is over as an excitement, however long the stubborn Boers may be able to make a pretence of resistance. Our army is no longer fighting on a great scale, but is engaged only on the less ambitious task of suppressing brigands and freebooters. So the way is quite open for us to enjoy once more the wild pleasures of a silly season. Now's the day, and now's the hour. The newspapers, that both chronicle and excite discussion, are, like Rosalind, "gravelled for lack of matter." At St. Stephen's the shutters are up, and the daily columns devoted to its dulness

are released for other service. Yorkshire has won the county championship at cricket, and the heart of the enthusiast will not palpitate at the September scores as it did when June roses were out. Rank and fashion are off to the turnip field and the deer forest. St. Grouse has passed and St. Partridge is on the way. For weeks and weeks to come the Daily editor will sigh and wait, were it only for the big gooseberry or the sea-serpent.

Failing such novel topics as these, there are many ways of filling the columns so as to conduce to general instruction if not gaiety. Only the fastidious few look back with horror to the frightful devices by which the editorial mind has tried to relieve the gloom of the silly season. "Is life worth living?" he gets some wiseacre to ask, and straightway all sorts and conditions of men and women set to propounding an answer, though it were as wise to ask, in the most inane form of conundrum yet invented, Why was Charing Cross? or Whom did Temple Bar? Equally serviceable was that long discussion whereby the name of Mona Caird won a brilliant though transient fame. "Is marriage a failure?" was precisely one of those themes that stir the soul of every quotidian man and woman to endless moralisation, or, what is worse, to endless relation of their experiences. In private life we know such people to be the greatest bores extant. Take a man or woman of little wit and less sense, joined to an egoism raised to the nth power, and a little bit of a mind devoid of sympathy with or interest in anything outside itself—give him or her a patient listener, and what end will there be to the outpouring? Most of us, at our clubs and in our houses, at our goings forth and comings in, avoid such people as we would plague and pestilence. For that very reason, perhaps, we ought to feel glad that once in a while, that is to say, in the silly season, they have scope to put their small talk in print. And in regard to print the reader has always a liberty of choice. He is not bound to buy the journal which annually unlooses all his pet aversions, or, if he continues to do so, he at least need not read what is written. But there are times when this means of escape is not open from the chattering, button-holing bore. He is your guest or you are his; a hundred conditions may arise to oblige you to make at least a pretence of hearing him out. The speaking bore is more of a nuisance than the writing bore.

No one can as yet tell what is to be the particular river of commonplace that is to make a pretence of occupying public attention this autumn. The subjects already started, such as "Is the world growing better?" and "The decay of domesticity," must be regarded as tentative suggestions only. They may not "catch on," and if they fail they will be silently dropped, for it is not easy to strike exactly the right vein. For full-blown discussion in a daily paper a theme must be elementary, since the essence of the thing is that people may join in without previous education, thought, or preparation of any kind. If the man in the street be out of it, then nobody can be in. It must concern some general relation of life, so that nobody will be without something to say, and all the better if it affords a chance of kicking against the conventional so that it may lead to argument. That it should be of real importance or lead to hard study and reflection is of no consequence whatever. For a topic of the silly season is naturally designed primarily for the exercise and entertainment of silly people. And, of course, it must in every respect be towny. Those who live in the country and those who spend the autumn there for pleasure take no account of the silly season. To them, indeed, it is a period of life and activity. The man who is grouse shooting or deer stalking, partridge shooting or cub hunting, does not as a rule pay much heed to the papers. The chances are that he is in some remote corner to which his journal does not arrive till midday or evening. Before dinner he may glance at its contents to make sure of not missing anything of real importance that may have broken in on the general dulness, but the topics on which he is most interested stand little chance of being mentioned. And, again, he is probably a little tired and drowsy after a long day in the fields or the forest, glad of a lounge before dinner, and, unless he finds the company amusing, glad to retire early to rest, that he may have a steady hand and eye for the next day's sport. To him the most exciting topic of the silly season is seldom more than the occasion for a casual jest.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Beatrice Pretymen with three of her children. Before her marriage in 1895 to Captain Ernest George Pretymen, of Orwell Park, Suffolk, the eldest daughter of the fourth Lord Bradford was Lady Beatrice Bridgeman. Captain Pretymen was once in the Royal Artillery, and is now M.P. for South-East Suffolk. On another page appears a portrait of the Hon. Alethea Gardner, daughter of Lady Burghclere. By a printer's error, a portrait given in COUNTRY LIFE of August 17th was entitled "Alethea, daughter of Lady Burghclere," whereas it should have been "The Hon. Mary Gardner."



KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH'S coronation is likely to draw attention to some curious anomalies in the peerage. It can scarcely be denied that the possession of the same title by a number of individuals is frequently a cause of confusion and inconvenience. There are, for instance, no fewer than four Countesses of Winchilsea entitled to be summoned to the Coronation. Three are widows of former Earls, and one is the wife of the present Lord Winchilsea. All of them retain the privileges of peeresses. There are also three Duchesses of Wellington entitled to the same privilege. They are the widows of the second and third Duke, and the present Duchess. Two Duchesses of Manchester ought also to be present—one the widow of the late Duke, and the present Duchess. There is a third Duchess, but she, having married again, is no longer accorded the right of a peeress. This is a curious list, and still it does not exhaust the number of these duplicated well-known titles. Perhaps it would be to the general advantage if some method of distinguishing titles were invented.

Sir James Blythe has added to the many services he has rendered the State by the recent publication of a pamphlet on the wine trade. In England the tradition is all in favour of dear wine, and hotel-keepers seem to be afraid of offering wine that is cheap, especially in country towns. A study of the wine-list in the best hotel of a country town will usually show that the most inferior clarets are charged for at the same rate as first-class wines in a good London club or restaurant. These facts have often been commented on to very little purpose. Sir James Blythe seems to have hit the nail on the head when he recommends our colonies to take advantage of this state of things to send to England wines that will be at once sound and cheap. In reality there is no particular reason why wine should be much more expensive than beer, and to many of us it is a lighter and more digestible beverage. The Government would do well to follow up the hints given by Sir James Blythe and reduce the taxation on colonial wine to a minimum. In that case the traveller might soon be assured of obtaining, even in the hostelry of a small country town, a respectable dinner wine at a price that would not be more than 25 per cent. above its value.

In his address to the annual meeting of journalists, Mr. A'Beckett, the president, took care to repeat the old formula that the pen is mightier than the sword, which we seem to have frequently heard on similar occasions. He also expatiated at much length on the great mission of newspapers, which it appears is to do good and help on the cause of progress. These are excellent sentiments, and we feel sure that to Mr. A'Beckett and men of his class they are more than mere catchwords; they represent principles daily and hourly acted upon. But there is, unfortunately, a residue—and sometimes it bulks so largely in public view that the better journalists fade out of sight—who look on newspapers as nothing more than a means of making money, and who, in order to attain that end, make no scruple of setting journalism the most degrading tasks. Mr. A'Beckett claims for English newspapers the merit of purity—and probably there is less of paid puffery in them than in any of the continental papers—but never before did the personal paragraph and all the scandal-mongering it means abound more. While judges and statesmen have been compelled to notice how many Pressmen abuse their privileges, perhaps it were more healthy and wholesome to insist on the vices that should be removed instead of glorifying the virtues.

Mr. Montague Holbein's attempt to swim the Channel, although nominally a failure, was in reality a far finer feat than that accomplished by Captain Webb in 1875. Mr. Holbein met with genuine ill-luck in his attempt. Out of a chivalrous

desire to start from the very beginning, he waded in at Cape Grisnez, and in doing so had the misfortune to injure his left hip, an accident which, though it seemed trivial at the time, became serious as he proceeded. Then the weather turned out most unfavourable, and before he had been four hours in the water he was practically blinded by the salt water beating over his eyes. In spite of these difficulties, however, he managed to swim to within four miles of our coast, at least that is the estimate given by Captain Lambert, and it seems to be borne out by the fact that the steamer took only twenty minutes to get in, its rate being about ten knots per hour. Again, Captain Webb took nearly twenty-two hours in highly favourable weather, whereas Mr. Holbein arrived within four miles of Dover in thirteen hours in a very rough sea. In these circumstances he must be given the credit of having accomplished one of the pluckiest swimming feats on record, and we have no doubt that, should he live to attempt it again and be content to choose a calm day for the experiment, he will succeed in crossing in very much shorter time than that occupied by Captain Webb.

It is interesting to learn that to the wild cattle presented by Earl Ferrers to the Zoological Gardens has come a calf, and that the pleasant bulletin has been issued, "Mother and child both doing well." The suggestion that these represent the last survivors of the British ox is, however, very absurd. What the British ox exactly was has been a subject of controversy, but it is pretty certain that the wild cattle in Chillingham Park, now rented by Sir Andrew Noble from Lord Tankerville, who has gone to live at Thornington, are as old as any. Yet we doubt if they are older than the various breeds of black cattle to be found throughout the British Islands—the Welsh breed, for instance, the Irish Keries, and the West Highland Kyloes. It is a curious fact that the Chillingham white cattle will occasionally drop a black calf, while the Welsh black cows have been known to bring forth a white one. This, in some quarters, has been taken to point to a common ancestry.

It is always innocent, if not always interesting, to speculate about the weather, but a special element of interest is introduced into the speculation for the moment by the abnormal number and size of the icebergs that are in the North Atlantic at present. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the subject that they affect our weather more than a little. It was said in 1899 that there had been less drift and waste of Polar ice than was normal, and in consequence it was expected that an abnormal amount would come South in 1900. That expectation was not fulfilled, but the present abundance and size of the floating bergs seems to show that its fulfilment was only delayed by a year, and that we are now reaping the harvest of ice that was sown in 1899. We have heard lately of vessels suffering collision with immense icebergs, and it is likely that we shall hear more in a similar strain. The effect upon the climate of the lands bordering the Atlantic remains to be experienced, and possibly may be made a basis of some weather predictions more to be trusted than some on which our meteorologists venture.

Now that August is ended and the time for harvest homes and harvest thanksgivings in churches is at hand, it would seem only right that those who take part in these occasions should remember the unfortunate minority who have made failures in agriculture. Sir Walter Gilbey, who has done so much for the industry in every department, makes a very timely appeal in favour of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, which seems a very appropriate charity to which any funds collected should be devoted. At the last election of pensioners, in June, there were 432 candidates, all of whom were over sixty-five years of age, entirely destitute, and many of them friendless, crippled by disease, and unable to help themselves. Of the total number the council could only elect seventy-five, including fifteen octogenarians, who were given pensions because of their being over eighty years of age. Thus 357 candidates were left out in the cold, and, as Sir Walter pathetically remarks, many, probably, never will appear on the list again, and others will be compelled to seek the shelter of the poor-house ere another election comes round. In these circumstances it would be surely very kindly and appropriate were those who have reason to give thanks for the in-gathering to devote a small share of their gains to the needy and unfortunate. The charity in question is one of the greatest value, and has received the highest praise and commendation from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Those who contribute may therefore be assured that what they give will really go to the help of the deserving. And we hope to learn that as an outcome of the harvest festivals a considerable portion of the 357 will be relieved. Contributions should be sent to 26, Charles Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

Every month now as it passes leaves summer and its amusements behind, and opens the way for the outdoor sports of winter. As we write the prospects of the partridge shooting form one of the topics of the hour. They could scarcely be better. It is possible that the weather may be too dry and hot for the shepherd and the husbandman, but scarcely so for the gamekeeper. Both fur and feather thrive well on sunshine, and even rabbits do not do so well in a shady woodland as in an open field. Partridges are still more partial to dryness and warmth, and according to all accounts—which our personal observation, as far as it goes, fully confirms—the coveys this year are unusually large, healthy, and advanced. The condition of the harvest, too, favours the sport. Often it happens that standing corn is a hindrance to shooting on the First, and experienced sportsmen know that if the year has been bad for cereals it usually is bad for birds too, so that he who goes out shooting when corn is yet uncut may lay his account for meeting many cheepers. That will not be the case this season. In the Midlands harvest is unusually early, and has already been nearly all housed. This is also true of the South, and even in the later North it is at least a fortnight earlier than usual.

It is rather singular, seeing that the times are bad and that so many are still in South Africa, that the shootings and fishings in Scotland have gone off not only as well as usual, but even better than usual, this season. Fishing especially, that is to say, fairly good salmon fishing, has been extremely difficult to get. On the whole, those who have succeeded in getting shooting or fishing places ought to be repaid, for the grouse and the stags certainly are well up to the average, and perhaps a little above it, and the salmon seem to promise well.

The nets are beginning to come off the salmon rivers, and it is said that fish are about, although the last week or two of the netting have produced scarcely their usual results; but until a spate comes there is little chance of the salmon running up into the fresh waters. Of a spate, there seems no prospect at the moment of writing, for the glass keeps high, though the Scottish forecast mentions showers as probable. But we want more than "probable showers" to give us the kind of spate that is needed in these days of surface drainage.

The Southern landlord who travels North, as landlords and other Englishmen are apt to do at the season when the Highlands are their chief playground, is likely to find himself hard put to it to control the sentiments of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness that the aspect of the corn crops must arouse in him. Over the greater part of the North of England and throughout Scotland they are splendid. In the Midlands they are average crops, but the South has come off ill both in the heads of the grain and in the straw. In the Midlands generally the heads seem good, but the straw is short. In the North and in Scotland, corn crops are in every particular good. Caledonia, stern and wild, has been kinder to her agricultural children than the usually less inclement South. They will shoot partridges this year on September 1st on some Scottish stubbles that have not been reaped by that date for many a year. In other respects the Northern kingdom is in advance of the calendar. Stags are some ten days earlier than the normal time for getting into good condition of horns and flesh, and stalkers could begin their sport by that much earlier. This is a great advantage in forests where the stags generally are late in coming to condition.

The wittiest of Frenchmen has written, *Dans les malheurs des autres il y a toujours quelque-chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*, and it is certain that Britons must read not without a sentiment of satisfaction the criticisms that are taking something of the glow off the first accounts that were given of the submarine boat Zédé. The Zédé is obviously so designed for *les malheurs des autres* that such a sentiment towards her is more pardonable than it often is. Latest reports are to the effect that if the Zédé cannot proceed with more self-effacement on her submarine course her value as an engine of war is open to much question.

One of the many views taken in regard to the metropolitan coffee-stall system and Mr. John Burns's antagonism thereto is that each individual stall-keeper should be compelled to hold a licence from the police. At first sight this might seem to be an easy and effectual remedy for an undesirable state of affairs, but as a matter of course there crop up a host of objections to such a scheme, the source of all of which may perhaps be traced to the Londoner's world-famed dislike to any novelty in the matter of "procedure." There never has been any denial on anyone's part that a very unsavoury crowd is attracted nightly to the immediate vicinity of these stalls, and that in many instances such crowds have caused what is called an obstruction. In daytime the police have powers to "move

on" anybody who "obstructs" His Majesty's highway or who causes a crowd to collect with that result, and it is unreasonable to exonerate coffee-stall holders from blame when an obstruction is caused round their stalls at night. Not so much interest in this respect is being taken by Londoners (for whose ultimate benefit the member for Battersea is concerning himself) as one might like to record. The state of their streets is notorious, but, after all, one can hardly expect holiday-makers to take the same concern for the safety of their native town as if they were on the spot. Londoners are mostly out of town; the coffee-stalls with their attendant evils are consequently out of mind.

The Channel Islands have of late been brought into frequent and unwonted prominence by the number of mishaps to steamers that have occurred in their neighbourhood. Following on the losses for which Alderney was responsible during the Naval manoeuvres come tidings of the stranding of an excursion steamer on the islet of Jethou, and the landing of the passengers on Herm. Such quaint, old-world names as these are not often met with, and it is regrettable that their appearance in the pages of the Press is due to such occurrences. We all know what familiarity is supposed to breed, but it would seem now that in the great duel between the captains of Channel steamers and the tides and rocks the latter have had the better of the deal.

There can be no two opinions in America now as to the quality of the second Shamrock, and if the newspaper correspondents at New York give us anything like a true idea of the state of public feeling, "the other side" must have a wholesome dread of the challenger. The yacht acquitted herself well in her first trial outings, but this was not all that created a good impression. The crew were particularly smart, from all accounts, and this is no mean factor in the winning of a race. The sails, too, were generally admired, and rightly so. Altogether, then, the opinion so generally expressed that a more formidable challenge has never been made for the America Cup would not seem to be very wide of the mark.

The wearing of sandals by children appears to be very popular with the little people themselves, and at the present seaside season they are to be seen in full vogue at most of the "marine resorts." Many wise folk are of the opinion that they are much more healthy than the fashion which has held sway for so many years of running about with bare feet; "plodging"—as it is called in the North of England—in the water for too long a time may induce head and ear ache, and should not be allowed for those reasons. Undoubtedly there is a great charm, "on the beach," of feeling the naked foot sink into the yielding sand, wet or dry, and the pliant, elastic movement of the toes, as nature asserts itself and they perform their full function of spreading and closing to release the foot from its unwonted immersion, is good and invigorating to those members. The sandal will not allow of this, and naked little feet will still trot along the sands in full freedom, but it is when ordered home that the sandals are so acceptable. Feet hastily dried and thrust into stockings or socks and the shoes forced over is a most uncomfortable performance, as many a wail of woe testifies, and here the sandal "comes out strong." It can be put on at once, the foot drying as it goes, and coolly and pleasantly the run through the streets is made with as much delight as on the sands, with no risk of thorns or broken glass to affright the most timid.

Whether the sandal has "come to stay" with the grown-ups is doubtful. There are some strong-minded men and women who have adopted the classic gear, but it does not commend itself as in the fitness of things with modern, modish dress. The pointed toes, which "like little mice peeped in and out" beneath the frills and furbelows now worn in such profusion, still hold their own. Indeed, the very idea of a digitated stocking and sandal appearing beneath the hem of an up-to-date costume is incongruous in the extreme. It would seem almost as odd as the attire worn by Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar, who ordered a dress from Worth's in Paris. When it arrived she wore it, as her sole garment, in all its refined "lines," with no shoes and stockings on her feet, and no bonnet on her head, and in pride and glory paraded the streets of her capital. Her dusky attendants, wearing the striped cotton clothing of the country, were adapted to environment, and were therefore better dressed than their Royal mistress. It is the desire to have things to match which will prevent the sandal from becoming general. It would be difficult to imagine a meeting of the members of the Stock Exchange, for instance, attired in tunic and toga with a chaplet of leaves instead of a silk hat, but to match the sandal this would have to be done, and there are as yet no signs of such a change. The sandal, like the starfish, remains at the seaside, and has not yet appeared in the City. In country life and rambles it may prove acceptable, but will certainly not find favour in woods and thickets.



A Hamlet by

the North Sea.

LATE in the autumn of 1900 a certain wanderer, in the course of a ramble far away from town, chanced to come upon a fishing village of the simplest and most unsophisticated type, and in one of the cottages found a number of photographs showing that a most appreciative visitor had been there before. One would not like to see a place so primitive flooded by tourists, and so after much consideration it has been decided to withhold its name. Should our readers discover any vagueness in the description, the reason will easily be seen,

and we imagine the majority will cordially agree with our endeavour not to spoil one of the very few fishing villages that still remain very much what they were before the present craze for spoiling them had begun. From a passing ship you may see the red cliffs and the pan-tiled cottages, and the shadowed cottages at their base; you may see, too, Gull Rock, a stack round which gulls whirl and scream, and where the waves break in foam like white smoke. When the tide rises it is

completely surrounded, and deep channels lie between it and the outlying rocks and pinnacles. The water here always looks vivid green, and is cold even in summer; and in winter the waves dash high up this Gull Rock and on to the short turf of the banks, where just now the sea daisies are pink. Every little cranny in the rocks is a holding place for wandering thyme or daisy, and the gulls sit looking out from ledge and nook like inscrutable patient statues, as if they saw and heard more than reaches us. Half a mile south is the village, a scattered medley of houses under the over-hanging cliffs, some white-washed, red-tiled, others grey and slated, or some

yellow-washed, with bright painted borders to doors and windows. The sills are usually pipeclayed with strange devices, laid over with what stones or shells are rare or beautiful to the simple eyes of the owners. There are few two-storied houses, and all look as if they had been brought up by the sea, on which they look out. It washes up at their front doors, and they have no back ones, for the houses are set against the steep banks, and from far out at sea seem little more than lumps of rock fallen from the cliff. They have no gardens, no yards, and for a street

the embankment which keeps out their rough but good mother. When the tide is back, the little brown-legged, bare-headed fisher maidens and boys play among the tangle and rocks where the pools lie full of treasures, and the women lay out their washing, done in front of their doors. Yet, curiously, the people form as clean and tidy a community as any to be seen in an English village, and one feels their whole manner of life to be absolutely natural, as if no artificial restraint

or assistance were introduced. The women seldom wear hats, and confine their hair in large crocheted nets. It is usually

dark and curly, round warm brown faces exposed to summer suns and the fiercest winter winds in the long hours of gathering bait, when with stiff fingers they force the limpets from the rocks. They have that pathos in their faces peculiar to fisherwomen who have known the anxious watches for those who will never come back. One can be certain there are none of them much over twenty who have not had some friend left in the "vast and wandering grave" that calls with many voices all night in their cars. They have



THE SMOKE OF THE SEA.



THE VILLAGE STREET.

the courteous manner of the simple, and they invite the visitor to step in with a soft speech one does not look for in those who toil hardly and unceasingly among rough conditions. The interior of their houses, composed mostly of a "but and ben," shows marked taste. They will have two box beds perhaps, with white quilts and curtains, a large chest to hold their Sunday clothes, a corner cupboard, and various three-legged stools by the fire-side. But it is not the furniture, or the floor covered with old sailcloth, that attracts one's attention, but a sort of decorative sense and unvarying neatness evinced in all the curtains and ornaments and pictures, though the last are very simple, mostly Biblical, and hung beside memorial notices of those lost in the "great gale" and at other times. The door stands open and the salt air blows ever in, and from the window you look right on to the tossing or sleeping sea that has given them all, and so often exacts its dreadful payment. In winter nights the waves occasionally beat against the very windows, and more than once the poor folk have been sent flying from their beds up the braeside, leaving the furniture floating on the angry tide. But summer days make the tangle gleam golden, and the water comes sighing up over it, and laps against the embankment where the fishermen sit mending their nets. And that is what one likes to see on those afternoons. The big fishers, resting from the toil of straining oars and the sore dragging of wet nets, are quietly netting and mending on the stone wall or wooden settles, with the barelegged little ones playing round them, and the tamed seagulls fluttering above their heads or on their shoulders, and every rock the sea leaves seems to be surmounted by a complacent meditative gull. The birds are all more or less tame, and one can almost walk into the midst of them on the shore. It is pleasant to see the proud man-despising gull so familiar, and makes one say *amor vincit omnia*. The roadway in front of the cottages has a disorderly array of tarred hencoops, outhouses, post barrels, crab pots, and general fishing gear, and at this time there is sure to be a basket or two hanging, with a fierce grey-spotted baby gull that some youngster has risked his life, probably on the Gull Rock or



THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

precipitous cliffs, to bring home. Those unfortunate wildings have to be covered with sacking, as the full-grown gulls come and peck them, either trying to relieve them, or more likely to get their food, though they manage to take a large share of what is provided for the hens. These are to be seen scraping with fluffy chicks among the tangle, and, as they live on things of the sea, must have a peculiarly fishy flavour.

The village is broken up into three different parts by the formation of the cliffs and a broad glen widening out to the sea. Midway between two of the settlements is a tiny home formed by an overturned herring boat wedged into the steep bank. In it lives an old fisher whose work is done, and who sits now on his settle at the door in the sunshine puffing reminiscently his short pipe, while the gulls perch about him and his tarry dwelling. The sea comes nearly up to the steps, and at night he has no neighbour but the eternal lap-lapping. In daytime, backwards and forwards to the harbour pass the fishermen and girls with nets and creels to give him many a cheery greeting. The women take turns to tidy his house, where his treasured old china fills the rack. Theirs is a very

brotherly community, bound closely together by inter-marriage, and, as there is no public-house, quarrelling and ill-behaviour are uncommon.

A steep road rises behind the village, hewn partly through the rocks, from which one looks down on the little harbour and the boats and the pier, where on winter nights the lanterns are often washed from the wooden posts. Yet one loses all the human impression in the sea. From there the sun rises and the tides come and go, the great ships go by, and the life struggling on the shore sinks into that little "between a sleep and a sleep."

The hamlet is peculiarly lucky in being free from invasions of visitors and the evils they unconsciously bring in their train. Letting lodgings, and the necessary creation of landladies, with the introduction of more "comforts," does not, as a rule, act beneficially on simple villages, where even the sight of the well-dressed loungeur might arouse in the youth envious longings for an easier, less restricted life. One



WOMEN MUST WORK.

recognises how infinitely more desirable it is for them to pass their days even in a continual fight with wind and tide than to have life absolutely stolen away—for so it means to the Nature-bred—in the rush of town, where among the “ebb and flow of streets” they learn too late the joy of fresh and primitive ways. Their living has been, of course, exceedingly precarious in recent years, owing to the increase of trawling, which is gradually superseding line-fishing. It has become almost necessary for many of the young men and women to try their fortune elsewhere, as the white fishing grows poorer every year, and it would seem as if the village must yet be deserted. There will no longer be old salts strolling about, ready to converse on seafaring things, and brown-faced boys swimming in the harbour and climbing about the herring-boats, which will not as in past days glide home deep-dipping in the



OLD SALTS.

summer sea, the cries of unlading breaking merrily the stillness. There have been many gone to try trades, but the town confinement has either hurt their health or the fascination of poverty and freedom has been too much, and the empty cottages looking

out to sea have been filled again.

The place does not look unprosperous, with the rosy, plump children tumbling about the roadway, for it is surprising on how very little those with small desires can keep large, healthy families. Of course, their rent is infinitesimal, and if there is a good herring season at Lowestoft or Yarmouth or Stornoway, the winter is tided over not so badly. If the recording angel has occasionally to set down the illegal capture of a salmon, let us hope he does not



AT REST.

use indelible ink. The sea before their eyes seems the natural hunting ground from which to fill the pot, and they are really “paid out” pretty well in the casual “scrum” with a water bailiff that is an everyday incident of life in the village. The fishing at its best brings hard enough toil to men and women, and if the latter are left to weep sometimes, they have known as well as the men the real meaning of work, and work that leaves little time for tears. In winter mornings they are out by earliest dawn, picking limpets off the rocks and digging worms, often wet and half-frozen, and, as it may happen, a mile or two from home. If the fisherman’s wife gets back, say, at 9 a.m., she has to attempt a “redding” at the house, attend to the children, and then sit down for four hours’ baiting. After that she may have to go to the harbour and carry home the creel of wet nets; and so day after day passes. When the men go “off” very early she may have to be up and get their breakfast, and when the weather is rough and they are not out she gets time for washing and baking. About the only relaxation is a visit once a year to the fair at the town six miles off, or occasionally for messages, as the village has no shop but the small one which sells beer and spirits “not to be consumed on the premises.” A church has been built lately at the top of the glen, and on the high road there is the school-house—a long climb from the shore.

The fishers on this East Coast preserve a sort of aristocracy, which accounts for their close inter-marriage. A woman consoling a jilted fisher girl said:

“Never mind, Janet, though ye couldna get a maun, ye’ll maybe get a hind.” The latter is the farm labourer’s designation in these parts, who is held to be—is, indeed, intellectually—much lower in the social scale. One would say their perceptions of natural beauties are much keener than the more stolid regard of the hind for his brown earth, to which his eye becomes dully fixed.



HOMES FOR SEA AND LAND.

One hears so often of the moonlight on the sea and the primroses yellow on the banks and the beauty of the gulls darting past the windows. A fisherwoman said a day or two ago, "Ay, but it was bonny the smoke at the harbour mouth with the sun shining through and making all the colours. But it's little bonny we think it often when the men are out and driving through it, and it's little bonniness they see either." Her eye had been caught by the spray shining, and she was telling of it with a certain fervour, when the remembrance of the times it had struck a soreness in her heart made all its beauty pain.

HUNTING NOTES.

THERE can be too much of a good thing sometimes. This was the case with the stags during the hunt from Bundon Two Gates. At this point the counties of Devon and Somerset meet, and it is in the very heart of the country of the red deer. The atmosphere was rather thick in the morning, although it never amounted to a fog, yet seeing hounds was a difficult matter when they were any distance away. The moor rode fairly sound, so that with perseverance and good fortune it was possible to keep in touch with the hunt. The forest was alive with deer, and no less than seven were in front of hounds soon after the tufters were laid on. Nevertheless hounds settled down to run, swinging to the left, and giving those who were on the inside of the turn every advantage. It was very interesting to watch the efforts of the whipper-in to separate one deer from the rest, but the herd of six or seven hung persistently together. But one stag went away from

Shillets, and everyone now hoped for a gallop. Yet, had one only known it, the morning run with tufters was the best of the fun. With a good scent the pack, or rather a part of it, had rattled the stags along at such a pace that they were, in that heavy atmosphere, disinclined to leave the covert. So the body of the pack was once more kennelled, and tufting began again. The small pack (five couple) divided, and one detachment of hounds was on excellent terms with a fairly heavy stag. They hustled him about the woodlands, and at last, after running some way beyond Culbone Stables, they brought their stag back, and took him by the deer fence near Twitchencombe. Afterwards, I heard that the other division killed a stag in the sea at Porlock. So ended a very moderate day. It was one of those days not unknown in hunting experience, when we are more able to enjoy the sport there is in expectation of the sport that is to come but the hour for which never arrives. All difficulties in the Barnstaple district seem to have passed away. Captain Paterson took out the newly-formed Barnstaple staghounds for a preliminary canter. Those who were in the secret gathered at Heddon Mills on Wednesday. There was a useful pack of hounds, and as most of them have good shoulders and loins they should be able to run up to their stags among the rough country and the precipitous combs. Without the best of shoulders no hound can hope to last long at this work. The pack settled to hunt a young stag. The scent was good, and by the time the Master decided enough had been done, they had had a hard run. At Youslton Park on Monday next this pack will begin their regular season.

Cub-hunting will be general by the end of next week. The Pytchley have already done some good work among the cubs, and, it is whispered, had just a taste of a gallop with an old fox. The Quorn and Cottesmore both have ample ground for cub-hunting, and everyone knows that the woodlands of the latter hunt need plenty of drilling. With the present Master and huntsman they are sure to have it. Wardley is full of foxes—Sir Arthur Fludger takes care of that. Mr. Fernie, having but little woodland, does not start so early as the others, but this pack will probably begin work next week. X.

PARHAM OLD HALL.

PARHAM OLD HALL lies in the undulating east Suffolk country, in a land where the winds that visit it blow over heath and common and pinewood. It is shut out from the world in a hollow, but yet on high ground, and is within range of sight of, but quite hidden from, the branch line of rail which runs from Wickham Market to Framlingham. The few sleepy trains that pass

scarcely disturb the slumber of the old house, or jar with the thoughts of the centuries which hang about it. A few minutes' walk from the railway up the gently sloping fields brings us within sight of the gables peeping out from the trees; a few minutes more, and we have descended into the hollow to the edge of the moat, and the world and the twentieth century are left behind. The stillness is so great that you hear the slight movement of

the rushes made by a frightened water-hen. The house is inhabited, and is used as a farm; but the entrance is on the other side, and the men are out in the fields. Only a portion now remains, and trees and rank undergrowth have done their best to efface all traces of the rest of the building.

Few would care to dispute that the study of old buildings is one of the most interesting. It may be, and sometimes is, said that a certain amount of romance or sentiment accounts for much of the glorification of the past, and that the belittling of the present is an ancient pastime of the *laudator temporis acti*. But that is not the right way to look at it. There may have been, and probably was, almost as much scamping of work in old as in the present days but then the element of time comes in, and the years as they pass on gradually overwhelm and destroy what was not strong and good, while, the ugly, as it offends the eye of succeeding generations, runs a great chance of being removed. What remains after that is a remnant of work that must have been durable, and is more than likely to have been beautiful as well, so that a study of antiquity is in reality a study of the best that the ages have produced. No doubt in our own time, too, the lasting and the transitory are being put up side by side. The jerry-builder has prevailed, but he has not done so to the complete and absolute exclusion of all that is good. In the words of a good old saw, "Time will show." And even if it were not useful to study the past, it is, at any rate, delightfully pleasant to linger over it; and that would be a good reason, in default of any other, for our presentation of sketches with pen and pencil of a fine old house, rich in associations of interest.



Parham Old Hall.

Yet we feel all that has been obliterated as we skirt the moat and arrive at the entrance, where a beautiful gateway rich in heraldry and the elaborate yet refined fifteenth century architecture indicate how important a house it must have been in its day. The part now remaining was built in the reign of Henry VIII., and it was then owned and inhabited by Christopher, younger son of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and the son of this Christopher was in the reign of Edward VI. created Lord Willoughby of Parham.

Under James I. we find Parham in the hands of the family of Warner, till in 1699 it was purchased by John Corrance of Rendlesham. It is now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Corrance, whose name will be familiar to sportsmen as that of one of the best shots in England. The shields on the gateway referred to bear the arms of the Uffords, Earls of Suffolk, who were the original owners of the manor, quartered with those of Beke, Hastings, Fitzallan, Stanhope, and Strange of Knockin.

What still exists of the house has been greatly modified and modernised in the interior, with the exception of one panelled room on an upper floor, but the exterior is still such as to delight the heart of every lover of old English houses. Only one or two of the old mullioned windows have been replaced by sash-frames, few enough to look rather shamefaced in the ancient and dignified company in which they find themselves. The brickwork in the greater part of the house is free of plaster; the mullions of the windows, and the chimneys with their traceried bases, have assumed a delightfully mellow tone, contrasting well with the half-timbered work of some of the gables; and the whole as it stands mirrored in the unruffled water of the moat presents a perfect picture of ancient grace and placid seclusion. The very trees have conspired with the natural situation of the place to preserve its solitude, and have sprung up round the outer edge of the moat so as to conceal the treasure which they guard from the outer world. Parham is only one beauty in a neighbourhood full of charm. The Suffolk saying which has it that in East Anglia one always sees three churches if one church is in sight, seems to be true for many miles round Parham at least, for there three of these massive yet graceful fifteenth



Parham old Hall.

century towers are ever visible, rising out of clumps of trees such as here flourish so luxuriantly, and surrounded by groups of flower-clad cottages, with here and there a long, low house of more pretension, but with that homely character which such Suffolk houses always have.

Not far from Parham is Framlingham, with its noble castle and church—but this opens up such a rich field of interest that it had better be kept for another notice. We may here mention that for lovers of literature Parham also possesses an interest, for about fifty-four years ago some excitement was caused by the publication of the diary of Lady Willoughby of Parham, giving an interesting account of events in the reign of Charles I., which diary turned out to be spurious.

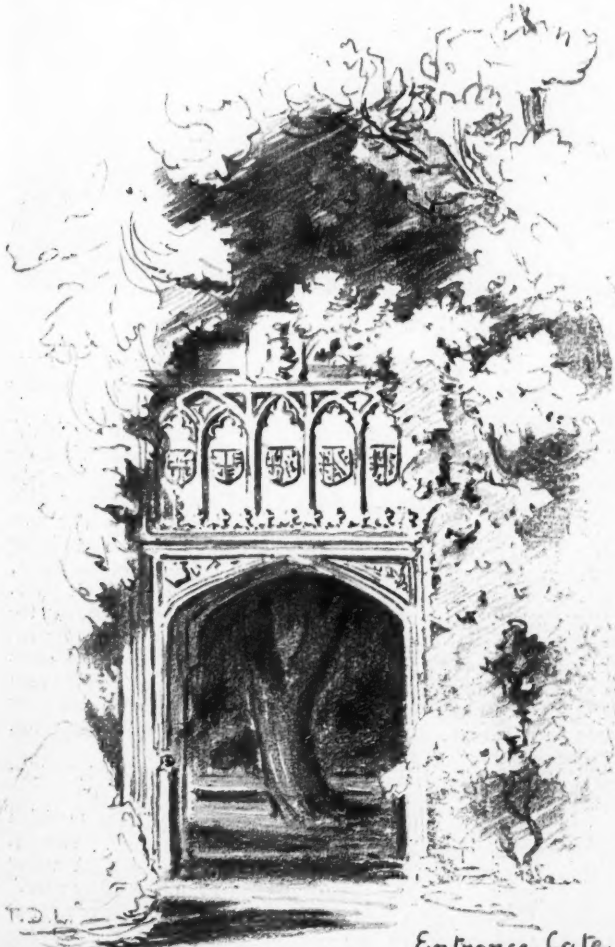
T. N. D. L.

THE HARVEST MOON.

SINCE early morning the reapers have been at work amongst the yellow rustling corn, the sun burning down on them with never a cloud the whole day long to dim its strong hot glare. On the uplands the corn against the sky waves faintest white amber against its pale blue. The white, grey, and blue shirts of the reapers seem to melt into it; only their sunburnt faces and arms stand out. A sway altogether, a strong swing, a dazzle of sun on the bright blades, swish, swish go the scythes, and another rank of corn is lying in a long swath, never more to stand upright in the light of the sun or to stoop under the footsteps of the wind; down, too, the poppies that flame amongst it, the cornflowers and yellow goats-beard, the pink and white bindweed.

As the reapers advance, flights of sparrows fly up with a whirr from the corn, their wings flashing silver in the light, and crowds of butterflies, chiefly meadow-browns and whites, but here and there the brilliant red and brown and white of a Red Admiral or the azure gleam of a Meadow Blue. All through the noontide, and when the afternoon shadows are long, still goes on the soft, monotonous swish, swish, only varied by the chinka, chinka of the whetstones against the scythes as the reapers sharpen them. From fields far and near the sound is echoed back, for everywhere harvest is in progress, and in some fields carting is going on. Down in the road the broad-wheeled waggons rumble along, carrying the loads to the stackyard, sweeping the sides of the great elms by the roadside which make a shade that is welcome to the hot, fly-tormented cart-horses.

By-and-by the long purple shadow creeps down over the valley, leaving only the hills beyond redly gleaming in the light of the sinking sun. The forms of the reapers begin to grow indistinct;

Entrance Gate
Parham old Hall

a pigeon in the wheat startled by them darts up high above them, with a loud clap, clap of his strong pinions, his steel-blue plumage turning suddenly to copper-gold as he flies above the shadow into the light-illuminated air. There are all the signs that promise a fair morrow in the clear, pale blue of the sky overhead, fading towards the horizon to a faint purplish pink, in the crimson glow of the sunset, in the swallows flying high, and in the heavy dew that is falling.

The air grows cool as the light dies away; night comes on as softly and imperceptibly as the dew falls. The innumerable blossoms of the clover where the bees have been murmuring all day grow dark, the cornfields which burnt so bright at the noontide look wan; under the trees and hedges the gloom deepens. Away in the cool and dewy depths of the clover the partridges are calling.

Presently, over the darkening edge of the distant down rises a crimson rim—it is the harvest moon. Slowly it swims up, its colour fading from crimson to orange as it climbs the sky. All is now coolness, dimness, peace, as though the weary earth is resting after the heat of the day; the reapers have shouldered their scythes and gone slowly home; the trees by the roadside have taken their last toll of corn for the birds they shelter from the waggon that sweeps their branches as it lumbers by with the last load. The swallows have gone home, too, flying swiftly athwart the evening sky. Now come out the soft-winged creatures of the night—the bats, flitting hither and thither; the owl, which looks in this light like a broad white blurr, glides round its accustomed beat, across the shadowy meadows, over the cornfields and the clover, and back through the stackyard;

little moths rise from the hedges and trees where they have been slumbering all day, and go seeking the sleeping flowers—some of them are like tiny, downy white owls themselves, with their gleaming eyes set in fluff; the cattle, which have been teased all day by the flies, now lie peacefully chewing the cud or sleeping, or else move about browsing, their forms showing dimly through the dusk; and the weary cart-horses, which have been turned out as soon as their work was done, are resting.

In the gloom of the hedge the white blossoms of the convolvulus shine out like stars, the late-blowing honeysuckles give out their scents to the evening air. There is no nightingale to sing to the harvest moon, there is not even the sound of running water, for the water-courses are all dried up and the brooks are running low, and are choked with rush and flag and sedge and meadow sweet, even the sound of the wind is still in the trees; "Only the cricket's shrill voice sings along the leafy lane," or occasionally a beetle booms by.

The orange of the moon turns to silver as it gets high, but it does not shine with the cold bright glitter of a winter's night, when the sky beyond it is dark and fathomless and the shadows it casts are black as ink, but with a broad, soft radiance in which nothing is distinct; its little attendant star shines softly, too. Higher and higher the fair white moon climbs the pale dome of the sky, till her silver turns wan in the faint grey light which heralds the coming dawn. Twit, twit goes a wakening swallow, a line of flame-like orange runs along the Eastern sky, telling the sun is just about to rise, and now, for a space, the harvest moon's work is done.

SALMON FISHING WITH A TROUT ROD.

"THEY'RE a dale too clever for the wurrum, and a dale too concayted for the fly," say the Roscommon anglers of the salmon that swim their reach of the Shannon. And the truth of this quaint dictum was heartily endorsed by two dumpy and discomfited anglers standing by the banks of the Clwyd on a drizzly October morning. "What say you, brother piscator? Shall we try the minnow? For look you, the river is still high and coloured after the spate, and our father, Izaak Walton, says of minnows that 'they be of excellent use.' 'For note,' says he, 'that a large trout' (and the same is true of a salmon) 'will come as fiercely at a minnow as the highest mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that one hundred and sixty minnows have been found in a trout's belly; either the trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.'"

The minnow let it be, then. And of minnows I may observe that the small silver Devon is my particular fancy at this season of the year, when the fish are gorged with the natural minnow and require something bright and artificial to stir their appetite or curiosity. In vain at first our minnows quartered rapids, pools, and eddies, only to return to us laden with the leaves that filled the water. Yet our patience failed not. Reader, have you ever watched a heavy fish rushing open-mouthed on your minnow, and just as your nerves are braced for the expected tug, a large dead leaf enfold the bait? The fish halts puzzled, then retreats. And the angler? Doubtless, gentle "brother of the angle," you said nothing.

"Fish have ears," says Izaak; "therefore when you are a-fishing, have a care that you swear not, lest you be heard and catch no fish." Now at length this patience of the "civil well-governed angler" is rewarded. I have come to a shady pool, where the river flows in a broad bend beneath a tall wooded cliff. Thrusting my rod through the overhanging boughs, I drop my minnow into the rapid at the pool head. Scarcely has the bait touched the water when it is seized with a swirl and a splash. One glimpse of the silver broadside of a large salmon, a broad tail cuts the surface, and the fish has dived.

"Ahoy! I'm in a salmon!"

A cheer from my fellow-angler answers my hail, as he throws down his rod and hurries towards me to play the gillie. Then the reel shrieks as the line spins out, and the good fish speeds down stream with the bit between his teeth.

Shades of holy fishermen, stay him! If he gains that tree that leans its trunk across the pool, and passes beyond it, I am ruined. But no; the line slackens. He has turned. Now I



A SALMON POOL ON THE CLWYD.

may reel in the slack of the line, and pass my rod round the tree on my right that cuts me off from the open ground by the pool-side.

He is well hooked, for now I am "giving him the butt," and the supple greenheart bends double under the strain, but the hold gives not. How I lament the improvidence that has sent me out thus lightly armed for such a contest. My slender 11ft. trout-rod might serve for grilse and sewin, but how will it hold such a leviathan as this? Worse still, I have forgotten to bring a gaff. And now old salmo has chosen his ground in the deeps, and decided on his programme. How the rod jogs and jerks. Surely Part I. is to be a subaqueous dancing lesson for the benefit of the junior salmonidæ in the depths below. Backwards and forwards he saws about, butting at the line. A few minutes more of this strain, and he will have trifled away in a small area all that fresh strength that would have taken him in resistless rushes far down stream beyond trees impassable to his tormentor. Then one dead pull at the exhausted line, and liberty.

With ever lessening vigour the waltz proceeds. Ten minutes pass.

"Alas!" sighs salmo, "for some horny-jawed old tactician of the pools to swim beside me and advise me now. What is this insect in my jaw, stinging deeper as I struggle? A spring into the air and a vigorous headshake has rid me of many such." Out sings the line again, and away goes old silver sides in a burst down river. I must turn him before he reaches that dangerous leaning trunk.

Yes, I can do it. See how he answers to the strain and swings round.



SKULKING.

"Look out! Mind the jump! Dip your point!" howls the excited gillie. Like a broad crescent of iridescent pink and silver, the great fish leaps clear of the water. The rod top bows, and the vicious down stroke of the tail falls on a slackened line. That trenchant blow would have snapped a taut line like thread, or torn out the most firmly planted hook.

"... The labouring fish
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw;
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That, bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast, so doth the salmon vault."

—DRAYTON, "Polyolion."

"Now," thinks Silversides, "for a dash into the rough water and I'll wash my gills of this clinging fish-louse." Like a silver torpedo darting from its tube he cleaves through the rapids right into the very heart of the inrush.

Heavens! what is this? The reel's merry chirp has died in its throat and the rod jerks forward. My reel has jammed. To me, my gillie, and force the handle round. Crack! the check has broken. Slowly the winch turns again, and my companion holds the line in coils on his arm and pays them out to the rushing fish. Now in person *Salmo* announces the second part of his programme. Somersaults and cart wheels *à la gamin*.

"Bow! rod top, bow! Gillie, pay out the line."

Again those fierce tailstrokes beat the slack line as the stout fish leaps, and, turning, falls upon the line and dives and leaps again.

"Halt! right wheel! up rod!" and the taut line sways him round. Just in time.

Another somersault would have carried him among those tangled roots.

See! he strikes his colours, and, heeling over on his side, lies gasping on the surface, his full size displayed, a yard of burnished silver.

"Ho, gillie, call the time!" Twenty minutes he has fought. "Now yield thee, gallant fish."

Nearer he comes, gills working, his white keel glistening on the surface.

"Now grip him by the tail."

But the end is not yet.

Down goes his head with a desperate plunge. "Give him line." Again he reappears, far down stream, and springs from the water. It is his death struggle. Inert and lifeless now he looks as he is moored beside the bank. Two strong hands close about his tail, and he is lifted from the water.

My gillie is a sturdy athlete, with the handgrip of a Metropolitan "Bobby," but he is no match for his slippery opponent; one powerful wriggle, and the salmon has eluded the encircling fingers, and lies kicking by the water's edge, his head thrust through a looped root-stem.

"At him again! If he passes through that loop he'll break me!"

The warning comes too late. Line and all he has passed through the loop and regained the water. Up flies the now useless rod, for the gut cast has frayed asunder against the root. One struggle more, one tail beat, and our hard-

won prey will escape. But the struggle never comes. That moment of irresolution as he lay panting on the water achieves his undoing. Before he can recover, my incomparable henchman has pinned him by the tail, and draws him from the water; then with one hand about his tail, the other locked in his gills, he flings the great fish high and dry upon the bank above him.

"Hurrah! Victory! Now give him the 'priest,'" and "his Riverence," a heavy stick, descends upon his skull, and speeds his parting spirit.

"Weight, 15lb. Killed on a light trout rod, after twenty-five minutes' play," was the epitaph we placed above him as he lay in state that evening, the centre of an admiring group of "brothers of the angle." F. I.

IN THE GARDEN.

INTERESTING HARDY PLANTS.

WE have received and made many notes about interesting hardy plants lately, and record them for the benefit of those who will be planting fresh things in the garden during the coming autumn and winter.

Silene Schista.—"A." writes: "Before the appearance of the autumn *Crocus*s and *Colchicums* the rock garden is a little dull, especially after the wealth of flowers which marks the earlier months. It is thus a time when we look all the more admiringly at the flowers which seek to dispel the dullness of the period on the rockeries. Among the most valuable of these is *S. Schista*, which forms a pleasing feature both in the rock garden and as a relief to other plants in the informal rockwork edgings of some of the borders. Although it does not form a sheet of bloom, it is, nevertheless, a very free flowerer, and is both bright and pleasing with its little pink flowers. It is quite herbaceous in its habit, and is perfectly hardy in all the gardens in which I have seen it. I have several plants, which show no signs of becoming worn out. These were originally raised from seeds—a very convenient and satisfactory way of securing a stock of plants to begin with, although some propagate by cuttings. One does not often meet with *S. Schista* in gardens, although it has been in cultivation in this country since 1844, when it was received by the Royal Horticultural Society from Dr. Fischer, who obtained it from the Dorpat Botanic Garden. It comes from rocky spots on Mount Keridach, Suwant, in the province of Talysh, Russia, and was originally described by Hohenhacker in the Proceedings of the Imperial Natural History Society of Moscow for 1838. It was for a time after its introduction grown as a plant for vases, for which its spreading and drooping habit makes it suitable. It is also a capital plant for drooping over stones in the rock garden, where it may be grown in any common soil, either in full sun or with partial shade."

Rudbeckia laciniata.—"A." also writes about this plant: "Although by no means a scarce plant, *R. laciniata* might well be grown in more gardens, where the taller border flowers can be advantageously used. Some, of course prefer the double form, which is sold as Golden Glow. It has undoubted merits, but this ought not to blind us to the value of the typical *R. laciniata*, whose bright yellow flowers with their greenish centre produce a good effect in the border or wild garden, and are distinct enough from those of *R. amplexicaulis* or *R. californica* to allow of its inclusion in gardens where these species are grown. To see this species in full beauty it must be grown in a moist soil, such as it has in the thickets in which it grows throughout a great part of the United States and Canada, where, by the way, it bears the name of 'Thimbleweed.' Where the soil is dry it needs an occasional soaking of water in times of drought."

A New Forder Carnation.—A Carnation named Sir R. Waldie Griffith, raised



A TIGHT PLACE.



THREE HYBRID NYMPHÆAS.

by those well-known Scotch nurserymen, Laing and Mather of Kelso, recently received an award of merit from the Royal Horticultural Society. It is one of the finest of its class we have seen; the flowers are produced in great abundance, and do not split, but are held well within the calyx, while the colouring is a bright orange red or apricot. There is quite an apricot tint in it. We think that this new variety will become popular, for its colour is so distinct and beautiful.

Hemerocallis Dr. Regel.—We noticed this *Hemerocallis* in a group recently at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. It is a delightful plant, and, of course, its late flowering is a precious virtue. Day-lilies, as the *Hemerocallis* are popularly called, grow almost anywhere, in sun and in shade, in good soil and otherwise, and few flowers are so useful for planting in shady places amidst ferns and plants which appreciate a light screen from the full sun.

Montbretia germanica.—This is the most beautiful *Montbretia*, with its intense orange colouring, that we have seen, richer and more fascinating than any of its race. It was shown lately by that keen lover of rare and good garden plants, Mr. Bennett-Poë. As has been well said, it is probably the forerunner of an improved race of garden plants of the greatest value, provided the plants prove as hardy as is expected. *M. germanica* is the result of crossing *Crocus* *imperialis* with the finer *Montbretias*, and has flowers with broad, stout florets, deep orange, almost crimson-orange, and wonderfully effective. The whole plant is vigorous and very early in growth and in flower.

Rose Eugenie Lamesch.—This new Polyantha Rose attracted much attention at the National Rose Society's exhibition in the Temple Gardens, and it was recently exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society, receiving an award of merit. The flowers are small, plentiful, and yellow, but this colouring is modified by the scarlet buds. There is a happy contrast of bud and open blossom. Messrs. Paul and Son of the Old Nurseries, Cheshunt, showed it.

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS FROM SEED.

Quite one of the best autumn flowers is the Tuberous Begonia. We were looking lately at many beds of plants in full bloom, and thought how rich the flowers were in beautiful colours. It is fortunate, too, that the seedlings are reproduced true to colour, as then one knows precisely what to expect. The writer has a mass of a deep apricot, orange, crimson, and pure white, four colours of absolute purity, without a shade of anything else to mar the self hue. The recent rains have helped the Tuberous Begonia. It is not a plant for very dry seasons, but with moderate moisture will bloom prodigiously, the flowers almost hiding every trace of leafage. All this glorious colouring has resulted from seeds sown last January; in warmth, of course. Seedlings are so satisfactory that named varieties are not wanted.

THE BULB SEASON.

Our table shows that the bulb season has arrived. It is piled up with catalogues from various parts of the world, and it is interesting to notice how keen the American and Japanese nurserymen are getting in horticultural matters. This deluge of catalogues reminds us of course that we must at once think about the bulbs to plant next month and during the late autumn and early winter. Bulbs will flower if planted at almost any time, but there is the proper time for all work, and September or early October is the season. Never order too many different kinds of things, or novelties, unless one wishes to make a mere collection, but place faith in the favourites of old, the Horsfield Daffodil, the Gesners Tulip, the Chionodoxas, Siberian Scilla, Elwes Snowdrop, the Snowflake, the Crocus, and so forth. We have not space in these weekly notes to review the whole bulb family, but we shall be pleased to answer any questions sent to us from readers desirous of planting bulbous flowers in their gardens. One may need bulbs for the border, another for the woodland, and so forth.

CLEMATISES AND ROSES.

"P." writes: "Clematises may be used in a variety of ways in the garden, and one of the best is with Roses. Many experience considerable difficulty in establishing the Clematis, and the morality must be enormous, judging from the large quantities distributed each year. But have we found out the right way to grow them? The idea occurred to me after seeing a large quantity of two year old plants in a leading nursery the other day that these two year old plants were the best to set. The plants (of course in pots) were plunged in a border, and I was told that many had rooted through into the cool, somewhat clayey, soil below. Now as Roses revel in soil of this description, why not plant Clematis among the Rose bushes, keeping the plants of the former in their pots, and let them root through into the soil beneath? The growths

of the particular plants alluded to, after reaching to the top of the 4ft. sticks, were tied down again, and thus there was a quantity of blossom almost to the ground. The Jackmani tribe would be the best to use, as these prefer pruning in the spring, and also will flower in the autumn months. If cut back to within 1ft. of the ground the new growths come up freely and produce a mass of blossom. Such plants will flourish for a number of years. Ample space should be given between the Clematis plants, quite 4ft. apart, and this would allow for two Rose bushes between every two Clematis. How charming would the crimson Mme. Edouard Andre appear rising above bushes of the Hybrid Teas Mme. Pernet Ducher or Kaserin Augusta Victoria! Another beautiful contrast would be the snow-white Jackmani and Rose Gruss an Teplitz, partly pegged down, or Papa Gontier. Then, again, the blue varieties would harmonise with the white and pale cream Teas and Hybrid Teas, of which there are now so many to select from. In my opinion the Clematis does not require to be planted deep. In some soils a very troublesome underground grub attacks the plants near the graft, causing their ultimate death, but by plunging the pots level to the surface, or 1in. below, this danger is in some measure obviated."

THREE GOOD HYBRID NYMPHÆAS.

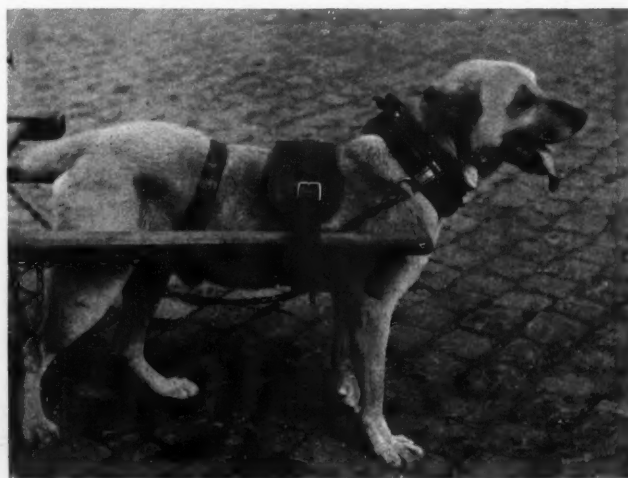
A correspondent writes from Christchurch:

"So many little-known varieties of the Water-lily are now in existence, that it may interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to see an illustration of three varieties grown in a water-tank in a garden near Christchurch of the beautiful *Nymphaea Marliacea albida*, one of the most beautiful outdoor white varieties, quite capable of being acclimatised in our N. gloriosa, grown under the same conditions, a most vivid red; and another ponds and rivers, and of the most waxen-like foliage and bloom; also of hybrid, *Chromatella*, pale cream. Water-lilies seem only too easy to acclimatise in the South of England; a basket of earth, inserted in a small tank sunk in a lawn, speedily makes a beautiful recess for Lilies; whilst those who have running streams, or ponds, have no excuse for the rejection of these exquisite and popular flowers. Water-lilies are capital for table decoration, provided the leaves are kept wholly immersed in water, and the stems of the flowers likewise. They may, however, be temporarily removed from the water. Bright sunshine speedily makes the Lilies open their closed blooms."

[The three hybrids mentioned by our correspondent are as good as any, and we quite agree with his remarks as to the easy cultivation of the Water-lilies. Their beauty and variety have been set forth recently at several important shows. Leopold de Rothschild, Esq., of Gunnersbury Park, Acton (gardener Mr. James Hudson), recently showed an almost complete collection, in large bowls, on the floor of the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition room, the Drill Hall, Westminster. This is the way to show them. One looked into the cups of glowing colours, and the bright sunshine opened out the flowers freely.—ED.]

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Bulbs and Winter Flowers: Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross, Herts. Bulbs: Sutton and Sons, Reading.

THE DOGS OF FLANDERS.



SIZE AND STRENGTH.

THESE delightful animals are, as every traveller knows, one of the special characteristics of the Flemish country. Harnessed, sometimes with ropes, sometimes with chains, to the carts, they are most useful to the peasantry. No special breed is employed, the only requirements being size and strength; and, as a rule, these fine animals are by no means "dogs of pedigree." They are generally great favourites with their owners, and have nothing to complain of as regards treatment, though, of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and the bully exists in Flanders as in other countries. There is a law in England preventing the

harnessing of dogs to carts, so the Englishman abroad, especially if he be a dog-lover, is apt to look with pity not unmixed with indignation at the patient animals trotting so cheerfully along, and drawing burdens apparently far too heavy for them. Sometimes a great fat Fleming is met seated in the cart and smoking lazily while the dogs pull him to his destination. The Englishman would scorn such means of transit, even if his Government allowed him to indulge in it; but when he comes to know Flanders and to understand the inhabitants, both two-legged and four-legged, better, he realises that he is greatly misjudging them. Few of the Flemish dogs would exchange their lives for those of their English cousins, who pass their time lazily enough, either dozing in the sun, chained to a kennel, or wandering aimlessly about the house. They would consider this existence tame and monotonous in the extreme. Principally used for the milk-carts, and harnessed in twos and threes, sometimes as many as five being seen in the shafts, their lives are what an English dog would consider to be of the wildest excitement and adventure. It certainly requires training to endure the scorching sun which blazes down on them as they pass from house to house and from street to street, but they get many moments of rest (their master sees to that), when they all flop down with their paws extended and enjoy a short nap. They are nearly always well fed and sometimes well groomed. During certain seasons of the year they are obliged to wear wire muzzles, but for the rest of the year they go free. In former days these dogs were of great assistance to the lace-smugglers, whose plan for conveying the lace for which Flanders is famous over the frontier was so daring and original as to almost deserve success. These creatures were taken into France, where they were well treated and taken every care of, and were then brought back to Flanders, and starved until they became mere skeletons. The skins of larger dogs, inside which a quantity of good lace had been sewn, were placed over them, and they were allowed their liberty near the frontier. They naturally made for the home where they had been so happy,



A MILK-CART.

where the lace was taken from them and they were well treated again. After a few weeks the process was repeated. This ruse was not detected by the authorities for a long time. E. B. M.



WITHOUT A PEDIGREE.

RABBITS IN THE CORN.

FORM of sport that people very often neglect, or leave to tenant farmers, is the shooting of the rabbits from the cut corn, or from corn in process of cutting. It is while the cutting is in progress that the rabbits will begin to steal out of it. At first they will "steal" out of it, trying to escape undetected; but this is only so soon as the dimensions of the standing crop are reduced to something like an acre. Previously to that the rabbits will "lie low" and will not come out at all. The creatures that first take the alarm on finding that the circuit of the corn, which has served them alike as covert and as provision larder for the last few weeks, is being reduced steadily by the work of the horrible grinding and

clanging machine, are the hares. They begin to make stealthy exits; then as they discover that the covert is surrounded, or more or less sentinelled, by enemies, that is to say, by men, whether with guns or without, the hares, after sitting up and sniffing a minute, their ears very erect to catch any sound, will turn and bolt back into the corn again. After a while the hares begin to dash about rather tumultuously in the lessening circle of corn, but by degrees they seem to discover the corner from which they can withdraw in the greatest safety, and long before any real sun begins with the rabbits every hare that was in the corn patch will have left it for a quieter quarter.

After the hares, perhaps, come the pheasants. "Perhaps," it is necessary to say; for you really cannot tell at what point in the operations the partridge will think it advisable to come squeaking out. The pheasants will lie more closely than partridges or than hares, and they go on coming out almost to the end of the proceedings. And such a wonderful variety of pheasants as it is! Pheasants there are of all sorts, sizes, and sexes—the old cock whom it is hard to resist a shot at, hens, and youngsters of various degree, down to tiny little things that scarcely can fly, and look hardly bigger than the sparrows of which there will be a small swarm coming and going until the firing becomes pretty constant. But in the meantime the rabbits have begun to move, and a shot or two will have been fired at them as they try to sneak away among the sheaves



A MIXED TEAM.

already cut and lying. How soon they will begin these tactics depends a good deal on whether the cutting machine is a self-binder. With a machine that does the binding and chucks the sheaves out of the line of the horses' next tramp round there will be much more temptation for the rabbits to attempt the quiet making away plan, than when the machine is a simple cutter which leaves the sheaves to be gathered and bound by human hands and arms. In this latter case the gradually diminishing corn patch is constantly surrounded by a little army hard at work to get the sheaves made up and out of the way before the return of horses and the cutter, so that many a bunny is foiled and sent back from its effort to break away. This is not altogether a bad feature in the affair, for it means that just so many more will be left in till the patch is reduced to such small dimensions that every remaining rabbit has lost its head utterly and dashes out frantically when at length it is forced to make a bolt.

This is the moment of the real fun, when the gun begins to be red-hot and the excitement of the harvesting hands is wrought up to a live temperature, which finds expression in shoutings and yellings and throwing of sticks and stones. Generally the end comes by three, or four, or five men forming line in the narrowing patch and walking the rabbits out. It is a process that may tread

down a little corn, but they are the tenant's rabbits, and for their sake he is willing to sacrifice a little of the crop.

It is great fun while it lasts; and the special merit of it is that it is so essential that the shooter should keep quite cool while all the excitement is going on about him. The farm hands will not keep cool. There are yells as the rabbits try to break back through the beating line, yells while a rabbit bolts across the open, and constantly a boy will break out in irrepressible pursuit. If the shooter does not keep cool an accident is extremely likely. But all this is very good practice just before the shooting season proper begins. Most of us know the slight tremor of nerves and the misgiving of heart with which we fire the first gun-shot of the season. It is very well to get all this tremor over when it really does not matter whether we hit or miss. It is a good breaking-in to the more serious business. Moreover, in itself, as said, the fun of the thing is excellent, undeniable. It is fun that the tenant has a right to; but he is perfectly ready to hand it over, because the time of year is a serious one for him, a time for work, not for fun; and he is pleased, so long as he gets the rabbits, that someone else should have the fun, and spare him the time of shooting them. It is a form of sport that many owners of shooting would enjoy if only they realised how good it is. But few of them will be bothered to make trial of it.

ON A CHILIAN FARM.

PHOTOGRAPHY is always gracious, presenting scenes in foreign lands so sweetly to our view that each provokes the thought "What a lovely country to live in!" A HOME GLIMPSE IN CHILI is no exception. Sunlight through a camera glorifies vistas and ennobs foliage; it promotes stucco and plaster to marble, and needs only the suggestion of the graces of civilised life—see the group on the hay waggon—to make an idyll. The lumbering teams of oxen themselves add to the picturesque placidity of the scene, as of a land where it is always glorious afternoon. But the photograph says little of the awful dust through which the waggons creak and groan at harvest in a country where rain only falls between June and September and the hottest months of the year are January and February. It says nothing, too, of the laziness of the people and the lack of enterprise on every hand. For the Chilians owe their character to Spain, modified but not improved by an admixture of Chileno-Indian blood and superstition. And Chili owes its history to Spain also, a history of a piece with that of so many fair tracts of America. Conquered from the Incas of Peru, misgoverned till it revolted and established its independence after a long and bloody war, and often cursed with a frenzy for rebellions and revolutions—such is Chili, like all the other half-breed daughters of Spain. There are English there—where are there not?—and they had a bad time of contumely during the worst phases of the Boer War, for the Chilians were pro-Boer to a man until Roberts turned the tide of war. We "mafficked" freely at home ourselves then; but we tasted not



A HOME GLIMPSE IN CHILI.

the deep draught of joy that the good news brought to our English in foreign lands.

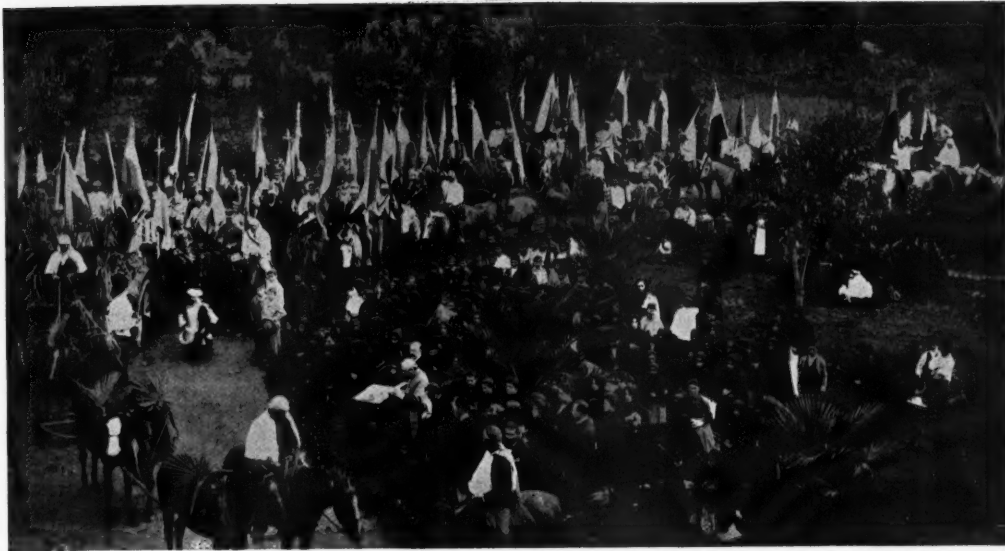
ANOTHER SORT OF HOME GLIMPSE lets us see the frayed edge that always exists behind sub-tropical finery. But here, too, the camera is gracious, for squalid as this labourer's "cottage" hovel and unkempt as the family may appear, the extraordinary variety of dirt and the fantastic untidiness of the hut's surroundings escape reproduction. We may see similar spots in any land, for no population has not wastrels; but even in the East you will hardly find a general lower level of life and comfort than that which suffices for the existence of the lowest classes in South American Republics. In a country blessed with a paucity of noxious reptiles and insects, where no beast more formidable than the puma dwells, but where birds and flowers of rare beauty abound, it seems inappropriate that man should dwell in such domestic squalor.



ANOTHER SORT OF HOME GLIMPSE.

Religion and sport are, of course, the great consolations of the people. EASTER ON A FARM brings round one of the annual festivals, the ceremony of "Corriendo a Cristo" ("Running to Christ"), when a mounted procession, with waving flags, and firing guns, and weird shouting, makes a round of the place. Here we see it halted in the garden of a farm to hear mass and receive the archbishop's benediction; and in the front rank, behind the palm-draped car, are rural Chilian police in "uniform." The rest of the day will be given up to a saturnalia of noise and religion, and it is the frequent recurrence of such holidays and festivals which keeps the people of backward countries contented with their lot. Even conspiracies to overthrow the government mature with difficulty among a populace which calculates its calendar by the days intervening between festival and festival.

And sport, especially equestrian sport, as becomes a country where



EASTER ON A FARM.

"beggars on horseback" are the rule rather than the exception, fills up large gaps in Chilean interest too. Most noticeable among their pastimes is "Topeado," on which high sums are staked; and the populace for miles around will assemble to see a good topeadura. On feast days it is the local attraction of all staging inns, and every farm of standing has its own contest at such times. The game is exactly the converse of a mounted tug-of-war, and is played along a pole, called "vara," generally cut from the blue gum, which grows splendidly in Chili, and fixed in Y-shaped supports—the object of the opposing teams being to push each other back to the end of the pole. The captains toss for choice of position, which is important, as the winner places his horse's head under that of the other, giving him the advantage of driving his mount like a wedge between his opponent and the pole. The rest of the two teams range themselves behind the captains, and a perfect pandemonium of clamour arises from players and spectators as soon as the struggle begins, the horses thoroughly entering into the game, and striving with every nerve and sinew to force themselves forward, so that it is rare to see the players use either spur or "chiotes"—the terrible lash of the country, formed by attaching a piece of lead to the end of the reins. But the game is far more interesting when it is reduced to a match or wager between two players of note, as in the photograph, because these are then splendidly mounted, very large sums being paid for a good "topeado" horse. Then the terrific straining of the two animals to force each other back provides a marvellous study of perfect anatomy and muscle at its highest tension, and in our illustration you may see how the horse which has the worst position is already, before the signal to begin has been given, pressing down upon its

the mountain batteries and mules for the field artillery. In addition, the country boasts many half-bred Cleveland,



A PAIR OF SPURS.

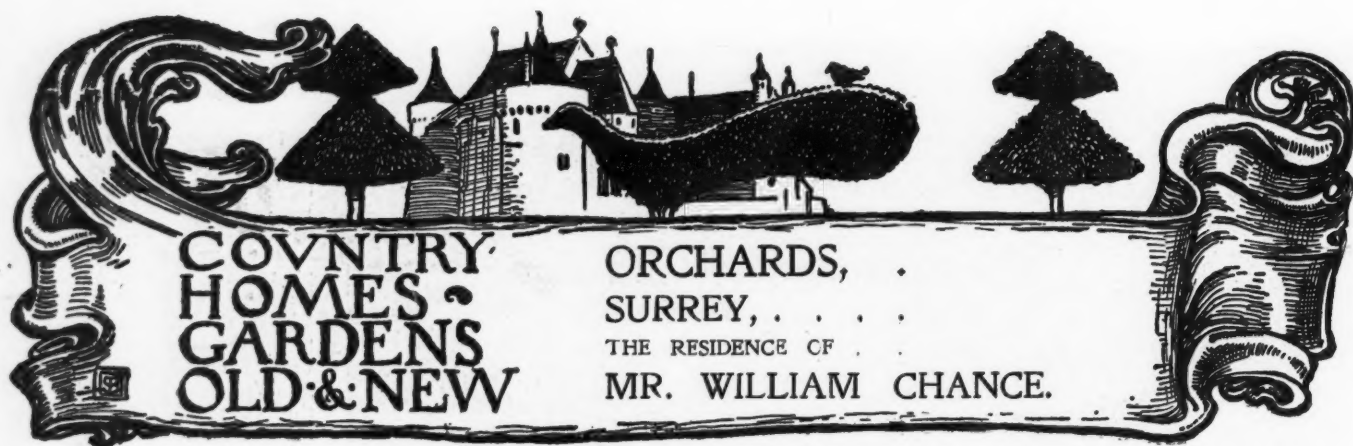
as the coal-scuttle stirrups, flap-brimmed hat, or lead-weighted reins. Thus clad he is typical of the country.

adversary's neck so as to nullify its advantage. The drawback of the game, as played in Chili, appears to be the excitement of the spectators, one or more of whom are frequently impelled by zeal and drink—which is a curse of the country—to drive their horses into the struggle and spoil it. They get roughly handled, of course, by the indignant players, whence the Chilean saying that "topeado is a good game to watch from a distance."

You must not judge all the horseflesh of Chili by the high standard of these high-priced sporting animals. The typical horse of the country, or "chileno," is seen in the picture which represents A PAIR OF SPURS with rider attached. No other stamp of horse is used for the cavalry of Chili, though half-bred Shire horses are employed for percherons, and half-bred race-horses; but the chileno, a product of the old Spanish stock, is the stand-by of the breeder, and is of some interest as being one of the races which it is proposed to lay under contribution for remounts for British cavalry. They are docile, intelligent, and hardy, and though they have not the fine quarters of British breeds, they are strong and staying, and can climb like goats. From this description of the animal it would seem that the remarkable spurs which the cowboy or "vaquero" wears might be dispensed with; but they are as much part of his correct riding kit



SINGLES.



ON the sandy soil of the west Surrey hills, where one of their many valley-folds runs up to the edge of a half-mile wide, well-wooded and sheltered plateau, is this newly-built house. The twenty-six acres of land on which it stands are for the most part of open forest character, with groups of well-grown oaks, and that best of all undergrowth, the native bracken. All this has been carefully preserved, so that on three sides the forest land comes up close to the house. Nothing has been done to alter the character of this ground, and only, the better to enjoy it, has one broad grassy glade been cleared and levelled, while some easy wood paths lead into its deeper recesses. Eastward is an open view towards Dorking and Leith Hill over a rough field, at whose further end the stone for the house has been quarried.

From every point on the land from which it can be seen the house seems to grow out of the ground. That this should be so, and that it should in no way jar with the woodland, speaks well for the fine taste of the designer and for his intimate knowledge of the best traditions of the country—traditions that, though clearly marked, are never obtrusive.

More than half the new houses one sees give some un-

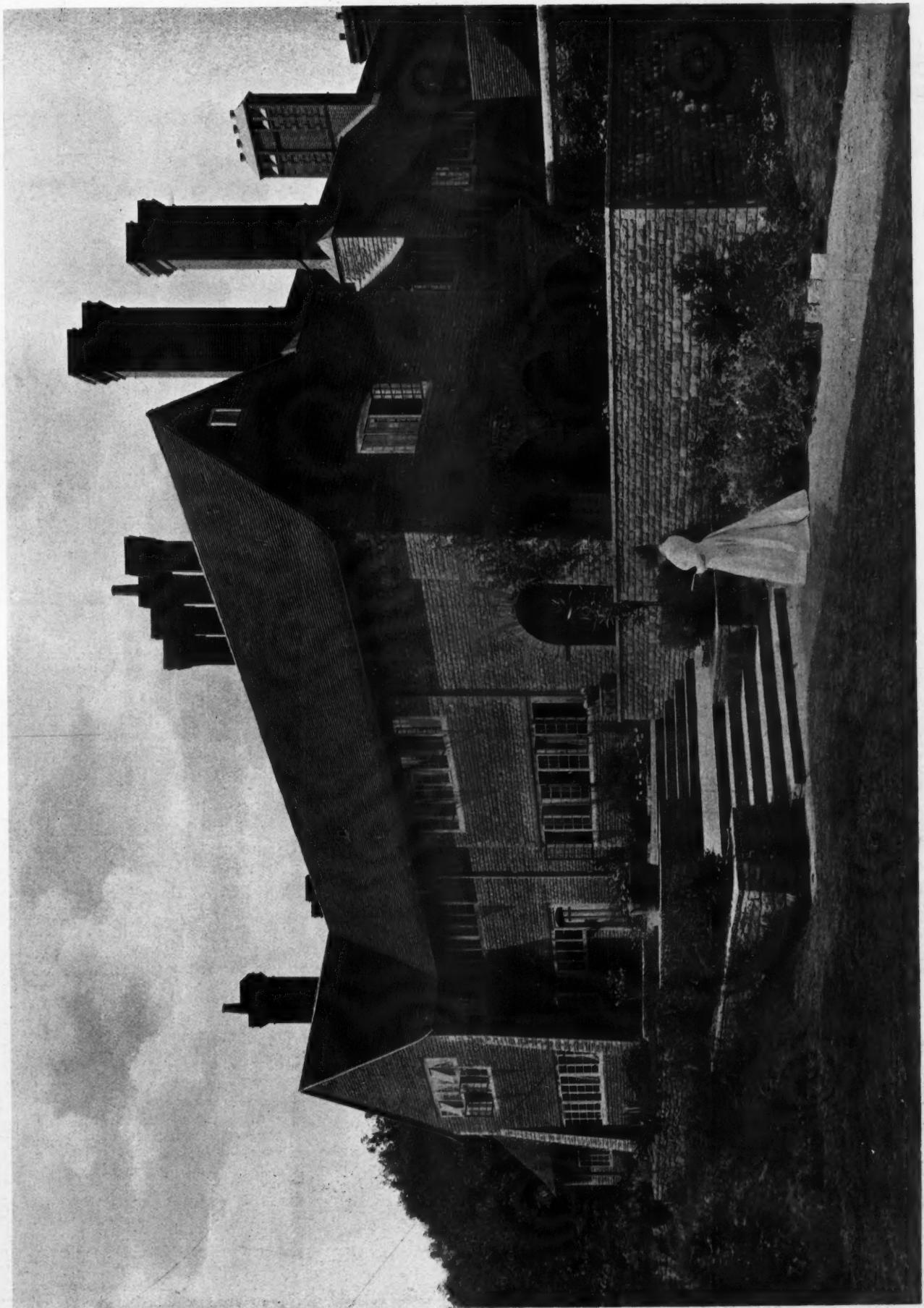
comfortable, if not actually painful impression, as of some exiled exotic unwilling to be acclimatised; here we have a house that sits at home upon its ground and could not be other than the right house of the country.

To all who are in sympathy with modest and reasonable house-building the illustrations will show the quiet dignity resulting from the common-sense use of local material, when applied by the sure hand that knows, and controlled by the refined taste and sensitive artistic conscience that will neither condone the slightest slurring, nor rest content with anything short of the conviction that the work is well done and right for its place and purpose.

Orchards is not a copy or even an adaptation of any other old west Surrey house, but in its main structure, as well as its smaller details, it faithfully follows the country's best traditions.

The house is approached by a short drive from a country by-road, which leaves the buttressed back wall of the stable building on the left and passes under a timbered archway into the courtyard. Immediately in front is the projecting stone porch, carrying over it the oak-framed window of a square bay in the wide passage or gallery above. To the left is the wing

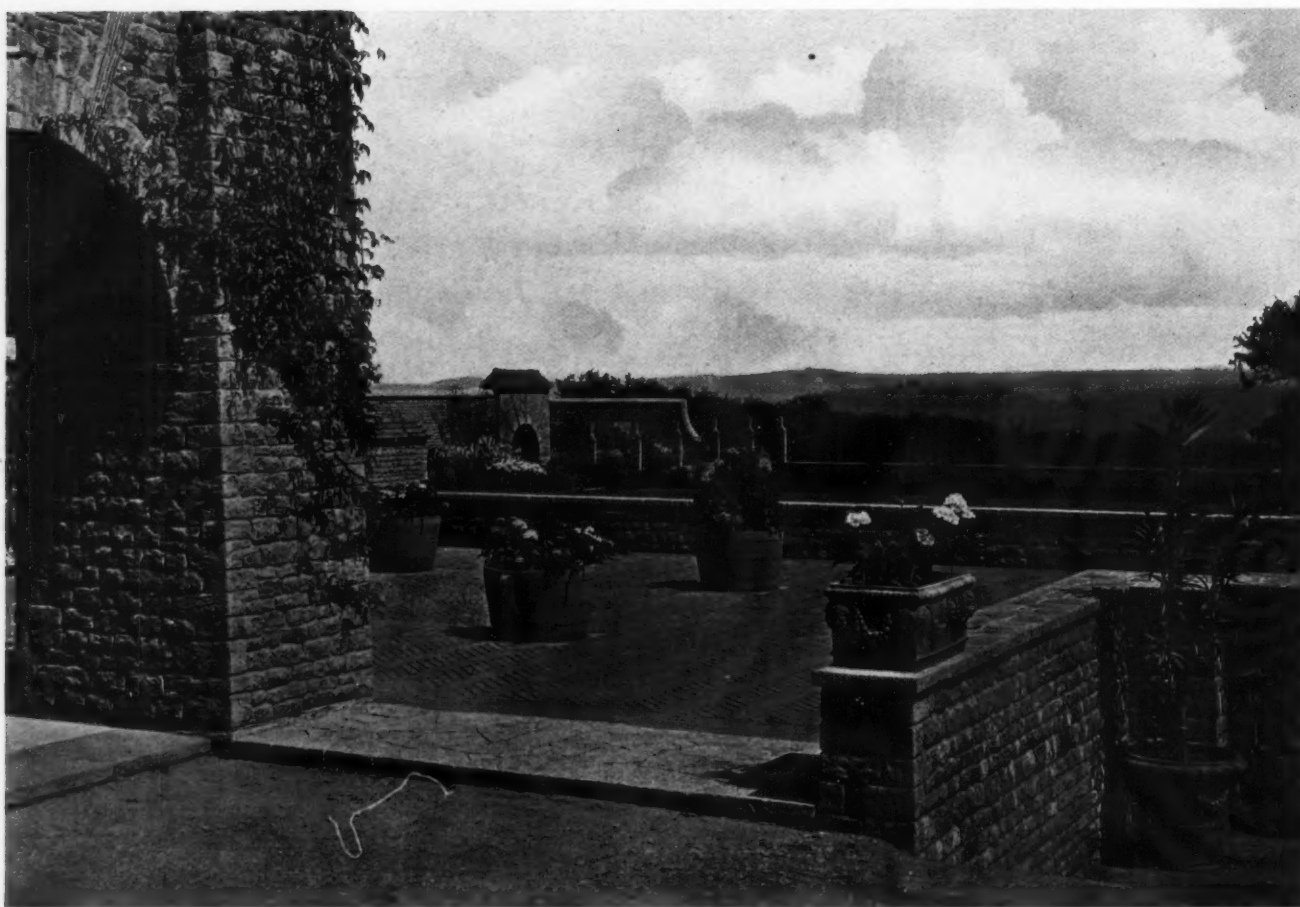




"COUNTRY LIFE"

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ORCHARDS: STEPS TO SOUTH TERRACE.

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LOGGIA TERRACE.

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DIPPING WELL IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

containing the offices, to the right the arched cloister leading to the larger studio, a delightful ambulatory in hot summer days. The courtyard gives an impression of ample space, each of its sides measuring about 62ft. There is no confined feeling about it, but ample room for the admission of sunlight and movement of air.

The south front has only one wide terrace between it and the wild fern-clad ground. From this terrace a double flight of wide, easy steps leads to the garden, at the point where the wild gives place to cultivation. The garden ground has here been treated by planting shrubs somewhat in harmony with the wilder growths, in bold clumps with grassy ways between. The dining-room is in the south and east angle of the house; a long southern window looks into the woodland, while windows to the east look through the arches of a narrow outdoor room, always in shade and a delightful place for summer breakfasting, and as an all-day resort in warm weather. This angle of the house is well shown in the view from over the little rose garden, where some of the prettiest tea and hybrid China roses, the second season after planting, already nearly fill the rectangular beds.

The scheme of gardening has been kept very simple.



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PORCH IN THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It was evident that the beautiful stretch of forest ground deserved to have its own sentiment preserved as much as possible, and that where it met the garden it would be well that the two should join easily and without any sudden jolt. Therefore the planting between wood and lawn is of easy groups of such shrubs and trees as first suggest woodland, crabs and amelanchier, with



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plantings of double-flowered bramble and double gorse, and some of the wilder of the rambling roses. By degrees, as the clumps or brakes approach the lawn, they have more of the garden character; some are of rhododendrons, and one at some distance from these is of azaleas, for the two should never be mixed: among others are some of berberis and shrubby spiræa. Each clump, though not rigidly of one thing only, has some dominant shrub which gives it a distinct character. All is as yet some-

what crude, for a bit of such gardening cannot show the ultimate intention the second year after planting.

Then comes a good stretch of lawn space, only broken by one incident, a fine old bush of blackthorn many yards in circumference. It stood in a level hedge that formerly was in this part of the ground, but when the rest of the hedge was cleared away this grand old thorn was left. On one side, where it is rather hollow, a *Rosa brunoniana* has been planted; when this has made a few years' growth, its masses of milk-white blossom and blue-green leaves will pleasantly follow the thorn's own blooming season.

Often a new place is spoilt by the removal of good original features. Here the good taste of the owners, and especially Mrs. Chance's finely-trained artistic knowledge, has carefully preserved all that was of value, and made the most of every natural advantage. Though not much of a practical gardener before settling at Orchards, Mrs. Chance has at once apprehended the value of the best ways of gardening and with rare aptitude has assimilated a knowledge of the ways and needs of flowers, and, above all, has acquired that fine sense, a thing scarcely attainable without considerable training in the fine arts, of the qualities that make a particular flower or plant most suitable for certain garden uses.

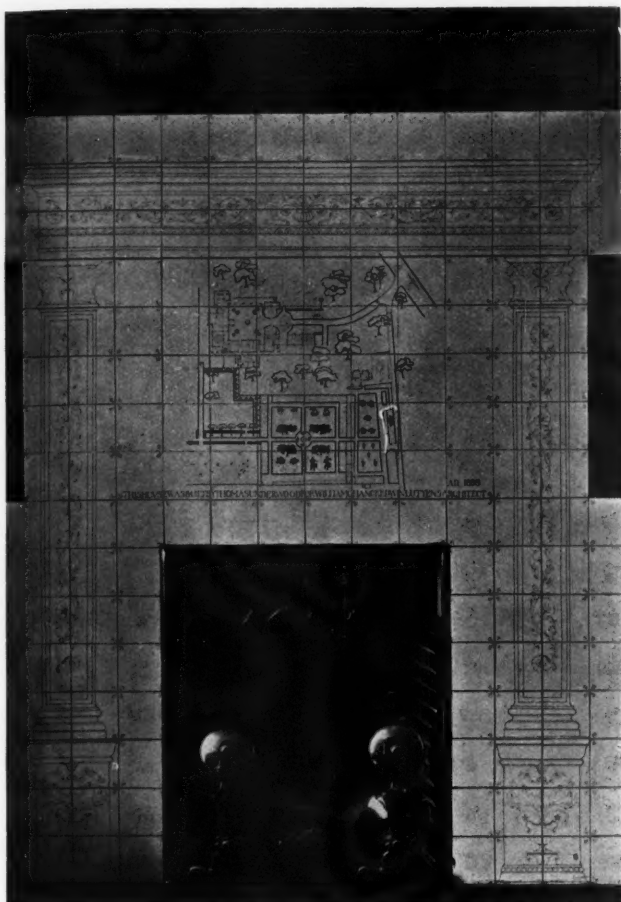
In spring, before the bracken is grown, in the wild ground under the oaks are wide stretches of pale daffodils,



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GATEWAY TO COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



TILED FIRE RECESS IN STUDY.

planted in those long level drifts that Nature has taught us are the best ways of disposing these flowers in such places. In another region, between garden and grove of oak, are tufts of wild primrose in the grass, and thriving clumps of cyclamen for autumn. This is in a place where the ground is grassy, but



PORCH FROM GATEWAY TO COURTYARD.

nearly bare of fern. Planting in dry walls is successfully done at Orchards, a way of gardening so quickly rewarding that three long stretches of walling and some shorter pieces are already well clothed and full of beautiful floral incident.

The walled kitchen garden is close to the house, an extra

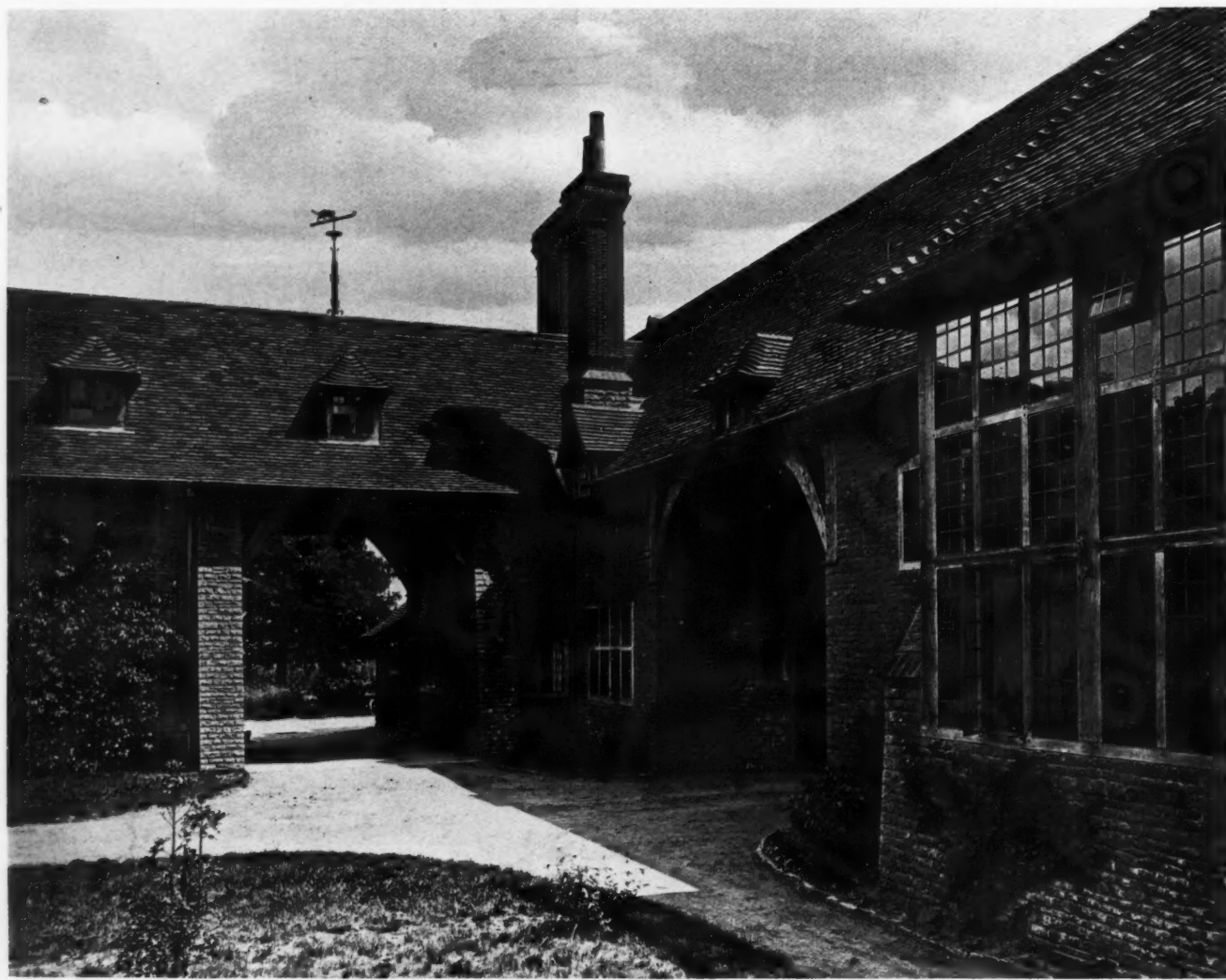


fruit wall dividing it into two portions. The half nearest the flower garden joins into it as to its lowest quarter, but here the wall is represented by brick piers rising from a dwarf wall and connected at the top by a festooned chain, which in a year or two will carry swags of free cluster roses. Here is a double flower border backed by a box hedge, so that from the garden side only flowers are seen. Close to an angle of the kitchen garden wall is the gardener's cottage; at the corresponding angle is a building rising upon the wall, a fruit room, which is over the potting shed and other buildings whose entrances are on the further side at a lower level. Along the inner side of the east wall is a raised pathway some 4ft. or 5ft. above the garden level, giving a delightful view over the parapet of the open country, and recalling the "mounts" and raised paths of the old Tudor gardens.

This division of the kitchen garden has double flower borders along the main path, with a tank in the middle, and rose arches. The borders are a blaze of late summer flowers, hollyhocks and perennial sunflowers, phloxes and marigolds, while the brighter-coloured groups have their brilliancy enhanced by judiciously-planted regions of the grey of *cineraria maritima*, *gypsophila*, and

rheums, thistles, eryngiums, elymus, and so on. Like all wild gardening, it will only be right if just the right things are used. Sloping banks of sandy *débris* are already showing a good "plant" of sown broom and gorse, and tree lupines have been planted, that should have a good effect next year. Some of this region has been planted with birches, while steep sandy banks are covered with double-flowered and cut-leaved brambles. Cistuses will be among the plants used here, and some of the sand-loving south Europeans, rosemary, hyssop, and lavender-cotton. The top edge of the chasm will be wooded with birch and thorn and scrub oak, among which and partly hanging over will be garlands of traveller's joy, and perhaps some of the wilder-looking roses, such as the single and very free-growing *R. polyantha*. Coarse weeds, ragwort and thistles, such as come freely in this *débris* heap, are being exterminated, but fine wild grasses are encouraged.

The whole field between the quarry and the garden is being gently persuaded into assuming a wild character. Gorse and broom have been sown in patches, and young oaks are coming of their own accord. Other bush and tree seeds will be sown, and in a few years it will be a piece of thin rough woodland.



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ARCHWAY TO THE STABLE-YARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lavender-cotton. It is one of the unending pleasures of a garden to seek out every spot in it that may be beautified by vegetation and to find the right plant for the place. Thus even the joints of the stonework inside the tank and just above the water level have been made the homes of the native ferns that after a while come spontaneously in such places; so here are already thriving tufts of wall rue, spleenwort, and hart's-tongue.

The large deep hollow left by the quarrymen at the end of the field is also being taken in hand. One of the faces shows fine masses of stone, where already the natural rifts between the strata have been planted with rock pinks. The steep descent has given many hours of pleasant playwork, in engineering a winding pathway of steps that rise from the lowest depth and land above among the mounded hillocks of sandy waste.

Many a pleasant day's work is still in prospect to convert the place into a wild quarry garden. Here ordinary garden plants would be inadmissible, the nature of the place demanding for the most part things of bold character, such as the giant

A delightful little space adjoining the offices is laid out as a garden for the servants. It is a square, bounded on three sides by creeper-clad walls with flower borders at their foot, and on the fourth by a belt of flowering shrubs, shutting it off from the stable-yard. In the middle is a well-grown oak, and on summer afternoons it is good to see the comfort and enjoyment of the group of happy maids at their tea in their pleasant summer sitting-room.

Not only is this good house and garden full of abounding happiness to its most appreciative owners, but its beauty and interest are much increased by many examples of Mrs. Chance's own work. Some of the walls are hung with her true and powerful studies from life of lions, leopards, and tigers, besides many dainty drawings of the long-haired cats that she so well loves. But this well-trained talent also finds expression in applied ornament in many directions: in a finely-modelled panel of couchant leopards, the main ornament of the chimney-piece of the drawing-room; in a lion's head water-spout; in a finely-designed crouching cat-form as a weather-cock—more appro-

privately known as the weather-cat; and in a large panel of Dutch tiling that lines the whole of an 11ft.-long recess containing the fireplace of the study. Here is a whole picture wrought in tiles. Two enriched pilasters carry a frieze, within which is a plan of the house, garden, and drainage system. The plainer filling of the walls of the recess is of a number of varied designs of cats, one to each tile. As these are in pale blue, which comes very near white in photography, they do not show in the reproduction.

The beauty of the stairs and gallery leading to the bedrooms is shown in the illustrations. All the woodwork is of honest English oak, designed and wrought as this grand stuff deserves. The bedroom doors are of a fine old local pattern of moulded boards, with hinges and latches made to suit. The bedrooms are planned so that no bed need face the light, and give the impression, as does all the house, of the perfection of simple comfort, and that most precious quality of restfulness, as well as delight to mind and eye, that only comes of the right and dignified use of good and simple material. It is a house that has the true home feeling—good to live and die in. The architect is Mr. E. L. Lutyens.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL.



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STAIRS LEADING TO STUDIO.

"C.L."

SEVEN METHODS OF GROUSE . . . SHOOTING.

IN the Highlands they used to say, "Once a deer-stalker always a deer-stalker," and I well remember in the seventies meeting men who told me with that superiority that was then permitted to the stalker, "I go for deer, not for grouse." I confess I never could understand it, and I always thought that if I possessed cleared ground—that is deer ground—I would have as many grouse on it as I possibly could besides the deer. I notice that my views have not by any means been unique. There, for instance, comes from Glen Tana, which is a deer forest, the news of the best bag of grouse made in a day over dogs in all Scotland. This by Mr. George Coat's party. Then from the forest of Gaick two very big grouse bags were made on August 12th and 13th, besides the first blood in the forests being there obtained, or, at least, the first to have been heard of at present; but then forest occupiers do not all publish their deeds on the house-tops, more's the pity, for it cannot injure them, and they might say of the public as a celebrated character did of his wife when she was using her fists on him, "It pleases her, and it don't hurt me."

But this is not either method of grouse shooting, and I know that there are more than the seven methods of grouse shooting herein described; but perhaps some of them are best left out of an August list. I do not profess to be able to judge, because I can remember after the last great visitation of grouse disease that owners of moors used to refer to a large crop of grouse as "vermin"—to be killed in any possible manner. I remember seeing one moor



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OAK PASSAGE ON FIRST FLOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

owner, from behind a wall, blazing away at grouse sitting upon another one until he was tired or had no more cartridges, which shows, by the way, how little, in those days and in Wales, for there it was, grouse care for the sound of the gun. They did not care. I am not certain that they do now, but they have got to care very much more about a man's hat in many districts than they did in the seventies. They are like the Arabs, who believe that "There is one devil and there are many devils, but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat."

The Yorkshire grouse have been of this opinion for many more years than the Scotch grouse. Perhaps because a Scotsman is not a Frank. It is an opinion which in Yorkshire reaches its height by about July 30th; whereas in Perthshire and Aberdeen it takes three weeks longer to educate the young idea as to the degree of devilishness to be found under a round hat, or a cap, for that matter.

There are circumstances, I admit, which may make grouse "becking" not only a sport, but a necessity; but in most places they call it poaching, because it is not a necessity, and there are more sporting ways of killing grouse than that adopted by the North American Indians to kill moose and wapiti. One who was brought up amongst the latter tells me that there is no more sport in killing either than there is in shooting cows, and he has tried both and ought to know; "but that is another story." The grouse has a very beautiful habit in the early morning of flying up 2yds. or 3yds. into the air and crowing, and the way to shoot him by means of "becking" is to pretend to be a grouse and call as he does. On the Caithness moors, where the lodges are actually planted on the heather, as they are not generally elsewhere, it is easy to watch the grouse becking from the bedrooms as one dresses in the morning, and I have seen them less than 100yds. from the front door going through this, to a sportsman, beautiful and cheering performance.

The next poaching device is shooting the grouse on the stooks. It is only to be defended where grouse cannot be driven and must be killed for the sake of reducing numbers. I think it a dreadful poaching method; not that it is very destructive, but because I think any rascally poacher could do it ever so much better than a sportsman. The method most adopted is to get into a stook of corn and wait until the surrounding stooks are black with birds; then, selecting the blackest patch, the shooter fires both barrels and commits as much murder as he can. Some there are less patient, who wait until they see birds on the stooks, and then stalk them from behind the walls. The objection to this plan is that the grouse always leave a sentry, and he is sure to detect the coming danger before it becomes a real one. But there is excitement even in this stook shooting, and danger too, sometimes, and if we are to measure sport by excitement and danger, one stook shooter I heard of must have had lots of sport. He had shut himself in so securely that the grouse were actually treading on the oats over his head, and a careful hand went up to see if it could reach the feathered legs, when "bang!" went a gun from a neighbouring stook, and the hand and arm as well as the grouse were badly shot.

This reminds me of one of the stories told by my old sporting acquaintance "Sixty-one." It was when there were still deer poachers in the Highlands, but after the period when they were a law unto themselves and believed in their ancestral right to kill a deer whenever and wherever they could find one. This poacher stalked his stag, and meantime he was being stalked by the forester. Soon Sandy left the gun to go and look over a hillock at the position of his stag, so as to find the best way up to him. This done, he crept back for his gun, but nowhere could he see it, but soon he heard a voice coming out of the bowels of the earth, saying, "Ah! Sandy, where is the gun?" Sandy, not wishing to make any evil acquaintances, hastily retired as fast as his bare legs could carry him. But what sport he must have had if excitement is the measure of it!

Stook shooting, however, is not all unsportsmanlike, for there are very pretty driving shots to be had at grouse and black game if one can find their line of flight to and fro a field of oats, both before and after the latter are cut. If such a hiding-place is far enough away from the moor, and also from the field—that is, well between the two and a distance from both—grouse and black game will be constantly coming and going, and they will not alter their flight by reason of the shooting, that is provided, they are not disturbed by the sight of the gunners at either end of their journey. Any of these methods of killing wild grouse are perfectly within the bounds of sport, provided it is in a country where they cannot be driven.

Next in order of demerit—for I have begun with the worst—is walking in line without dogs. This has one of the advantages of driving, for it enables each shooter to see all the sport, but I care for it about as much as I should care for barrack-square drill if I happened to be a soldier. It is part of a duty we owe our hosts sometimes, who mistakenly believe that they are acting the part of kindness to their guests when they turn themselves, or their head-keepers, into drill sergeants, and march and right and left wheel their guests about the moor in the mistaken belief that it is sport, and is also a good way to kill the "vermin"—an overstock of grouse. I protest that it is neither, and that it is only fair when grouse are not plentiful enough to drive, and are too wild for dogs. But when the latter is the case, the only time the birds will lie better to a line of guns is when the latter are spread out so far apart that the grouse, seeing but one man, believe it possible the gun may walk by them without necessitating flight on their part. To put a line of guns close together, as is sometimes done on August 12th, has all the faults both of driving and shooting over dogs, and none of the merits of either except the one above mentioned. The shooting is not difficult and sporting, as in driving; the number of birds moved (perhaps off the shooting) compared to those killed are even greater than when dogs are used and birds are wild. The wild birds get up wilder than to dogs, and those which lie are never seen.

Then some people add a dog or two to a long line of guns like that above described, and call it shooting over dogs, although they in no sense rely upon the dogs to find the game, but, instead, rely wholly upon the line to frighten up the grouse. This it does just as if there were no dogs out, neither more nor less, and, although this is nominally shooting over dogs, it is the kind of work in which the dogs, unable to serve a line of half-a-dozen guns, are a nuisance generally to each in turn. This sort of thing is what makes the name of shooting over dogs unpopular.

The difference between shooting over dogs proper and the above bastard method of going to work is very material. The men who know their business will seldom form more than two to a party to shoot over pointers or setters, and they rely upon them to find all the game, and instead of forming a spread-out line they will walk very near together, while the man who hunts the dogs will also keep very near to the guns. By this means of going to work very little ground in advance of the dogs is disturbed by the sight of the men's hats, whereas if they spread themselves out they would make birds wild, and they would run and rise often before the dogs got points at them. Besides, by being near together it is far easier when birds are wildish to heal them, and thus get them between guns and dogs. The dogs generally indicate by their manner of pointing, and the way they hold themselves, not only in which direction the birds are, but how far off they may be; and it is no bad thing for the guns to make for a point 60yds. ahead of this supposed spot, and then have the dog drawn on to his game. They can also draw in nearer if they see by the nose being lowered that the game is nearer to the dog than was indicated by his first point. But all these precautions are only taken as a rule by sportsmen when birds are wild, and as long as the grouse can be approached from behind the dog, that is best by far, because then those birds that are not killed are driven forward into the wind on to the unbeaten ground, instead of back with the wind on to ground already beaten. For, of course, it is best to get below the wind, unless it is too strong for grouse to face it, and to beat up wind, not necessarily directly up wind, but gradually working towards the eye of the wind.

I know there are many shooters, and excellent shots too, who would not believe a dog could point all the game shot on any day; but that is only because they never have owned, or seen, really first-rate dogs. In the days of Osbaldestone there were supposed to be only one brace of dogs in England worth a hoghead of claret and a few trifles besides; but then men were judges of dogs, because they could not shoot without them in most places. Now, on the contrary, the first brace of brutes a shooter sees spoiling the sport are enough to assure him that he knows all about dogs and does not like them. How should it be otherwise?

As to driving the grouse, it had not yet started in Scotland when this article was written, and I have not left space to say a word on the subject of the most modern, and in some respects the best, of seven forms of grouse shooting.

ARGUS OLIVE.

THE KINGFISHER AT HOME.

OF all the lovely and beautiful birds that we possess in these islands, and they are many in number, there is none that exceeds the brilliancy and brightness of the kingfisher, and it might very well pass for an inhabitant of far sunnier climes than ours. The accompanying photographs are some out of a series taken this season by my friend Mr. T. A. Metcalfe, representing the nest with eggs and the young in various stages of development. I am very glad to say that, in spite of persecution, kingfishers are more common about the country in suitable localities than is generally believed, and this in face of the fact that every loafer who carries a gun makes a point of shooting one or two; and I should say that if such a thing as a house to house visitation could be made in every village in England to ascertain the number and species of stuffed birds that each contains, the caricatures and misshapen representations of the neat and compact body of the kingfisher which are to be found therein enclosed in glass cases, and



THE YOUNG KINGFISHER.

in every stage of distortion that the hand of man can invent, would far and away outnumber any other species; added to

which its beautiful feathers are used in the making of artificial flies, and that in a few places the belief, which was very common at one time, still prevails that if the dried body of the kingfisher be hung up the bill will indicate the quarter from which the wind is blowing. Thus Marlowe, in "The Jew of Malta," has the lines:

"But how now stands the wind,
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?"

And in "King Lear" Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Kent, when speaking of rogues:

"... Turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,"



THE NEST.

Alcyone, or Halcyone, according to the ancient mythology, being a daughter of Æolus the wind god, and wife of Ceyx, who perished at sea in a shipwreck. In her grief she also threw herself into the sea; but the gods had compassion on the unfortunate couple and turned them both into kingfishers. It was supposed that during the breeding season of the birds there were no storms at sea, and so we have got the expression "halcyon days." There are few prettier sights than that of the kingfisher flashing on a summer's day over the water-lily-studded surface of a pond or river, or hovering over an opening in the weeds, and darting head first into the water after its prey, only to reappear almost instantly. Kingfishers generally take the small fish that they catch to some favourite perch, and there, after having given it a few knocks on the head against the branch or stem, toss it up in the air and swallow it head first. I have known them sit patiently on a rail in winter watching the ducks dabbling about in a stream, and as soon as ever these birds have disturbed a small bullhead or troutlet from amongst the stones or mud, the kingfishers have swooped down and secured a meal. Instances are on record where the birds have been picked up choked with some small fish sticking in their throats. They are very pugnacious, preferring to dwell in solitude, and except during and just after the breeding season it is seldom that one comes upon more than a single bird. In hard weather they are often picked up dead; but at such times many of them get down to the seacoast and the mouths of the big rivers. I have often seen young birds on the coast in the autumn, and I believe that a considerable migration takes place amongst them. A few years ago a friend of mine, during a spell of severe weather, picked up a kingfisher that was perfectly healthy but unable to fly. On examining the bird, he found that it had a large icicle frozen to its tail feathers. He took it into his house, thawed off the icicle in front of a fire, and then released the bird, which seemed none the worse for its fright and the novel obstacle that had hindered its flight. I am sorry to say that I cannot acquit the kingfisher of the charge of doing a good deal of damage to young fry at the fish hatcheries; still, precautions can be taken to obviate this to a large extent, and it is a very great shame to destroy so beautiful a bird wholesale, as is done to my knowledge in certain localities. I knew of one instance, some years ago, where over sixty kingfishers were destroyed in one season. No bird is easier to inveigle into the snare of the fowler, but I am not going to give away the method, as, unfortunately, only too many of these lovely birds have been done to death by these means. I trust and believe that very few ladies would nowadays be so cruel as to adorn their hats and bonnets with the stuffed skin of the kingfisher. The birds are early

breeders. I have found them with young in the nest at the end of April, and they frequently rear a second brood. The nest is generally placed in a hole in a bank bordering a small stream, pond, or river. In my own personal experience, the hole of a water-vole, or that previously tunnelled out by a sand-martin, is generally utilised, but I have known isolated cases where the birds tunnelled out a hole in the bank for themselves. The hole, as I have found it, has always sloped slightly upwards—to allow of drainage, etc., I presume—and the distance between the entrance and the cavity which is scooped out for the nest I have always found, in the few kingfishers' nests that I have examined, to vary in length from 3ft. to 4ft., for though I have come across a goodly number of their nests in my time, I have always preferred to leave them alone and not disturb them in any way, so that the young birds might have every chance of being reared in safety. When I was a boy, I remember that it was reported amongst us that the British Museum authorities had offered a fabulous sum to anyone who could get out the nest of the kingfisher intact and send it to them. Many authorities state that no nest is made to begin with, but that the eggs are laid on the bare soil, and that a nest is eventually built up round them from the various fish bones that are ejected by the old birds. Other places other manners, however, and this is certainly not my experience. I have found a distinct nest made before the eggs were laid, composed of a few fish bones, and largely made up of the scales of the various fish that the birds had killed. A very slight shaking suffices to disturb the component parts of the nest. I never found more than seven eggs in a nest myself, but as many as ten have been recorded. They are pure white, very round and glossy, and when laid have a beautiful pinkish tinge, which quite disappears when the contents of the eggs are expelled. The young birds when first hatched are most grotesque-looking figures, as will be seen from the photographs, and they always remind me of the creatures designated as gnomes which were represented so frequently in the fairy tale books in the days of our youth. They certainly present, with their bare protuberant bodies, large eyes, and bills, a most comical appearance. They can fly, and usually leave the nest twenty-one days after hatching. It is generally stated that the old ones drive the youngsters away very shortly after they are able to fend for themselves, but I have known a family party of seven remain together till well into the autumn, and I frequently used to have them all round me together when fishing a certain deep hole in the river for pike. In the late autumn many of the young make their way down to the neighbourhood of the sea, and I have often flushed them from the drains and dykes adjoining some of our big estuaries. It is at times reported in the papers that a kingfisher has perched on the rod of an angler. But there is really nothing very extraordinary in this, provided that the fisherman is well out of sight and con-



THIRTEEN DAYS OLD.

cealed from the bird's view, and I have had the same occur to myself on at least half-a-dozen different occasions. Much time, patience, and ingenuity are required to photograph a kingfisher on her eggs, and the way that this and the other photographs were obtained, was by carefully cutting a hole above and a little to one side of the nesting cavity, taking every precaution that no soil fell down on to the eggs, then clearing away the earth, replacing it by a good flat stone just filling the space previously occupied by the soil, and, finally, by placing a well-fitting sod on the top, so as to carefully exclude all light from above. At each visit to photograph the eggs, the bird sitting on the eggs, and the young



TWENTY-ONE DAYS OLD.

in the various interesting stages of their development, the stone and sod were carefully removed and as carefully replaced, and when the bird herself was on the nest, the shutter of the camera was worked with a considerable length of fine thread attached to it. I once found a kingfisher's nest placed amongst the loose stonework of a bridge going across a moorland beck. It was only a little over 1ft. from the entrance, and about 12ft. above the surface of the water.

OXLEY GRABHAM.

SALMON FEEDING . . . IN FRESH WATER.

THE recantation of faith on the part of the Scotch Fishery Board touching the alleged abstinence of salmon in fresh water, is fresh proof of the singleness of purpose and general utility of that much-criticised body, and true sportsmen will, instead of gloating in unmannerly fashion over this *volte-face*, recognise that it is only fools that never change their mind. The matter is one of such interest, not merely to salmon fishermen, but also to anglers and naturalists generally, that it may be allowable briefly to recapitulate the position that led to the present admission of error. That admission, indeed, as shall be shown, is more satisfactory than the evidence on which both it and the error rest.

A couple of years ago, then, angling and scientific (the distinction is perhaps invidious) circles were thrown into confusion by the somewhat dogmatic pronouncement that salmon do not, at any rate until they have spawned—the main business of their inland pilgrimage—feed in fresh water. This statement, which came with all due weight from such a scientific expert as Dr. Noel Paton, and had the support of so distinguished a sportsman as Sir Herbert Maxwell, was given without reserve, beyond some attempt to define “feeding” as not merely the swallowing of food, but also its digestion and absorption. Many anglers—“John Bickerdyke,” if I remember rightly, among the number—demurred to this verdict as altogether too insistent, and many others frankly ridiculed the theory, seeing that in their own experience salmon in rivers had shown selective discrimination between two different natural flies. A spirited controversy raged around this interesting topic, and both parties retired from it unconvinced.

Such were the circumstances that led up to Dr. Barton's recent article in a medical paper, in the course of which he declared that the conclusions arrived at by the experts acting for the Fishery Board were obviously based on an examination of badly-preserved specimens, and it is on the strength of this exposure that the Board has had the good grace to publish a report in which it either withdraws, or at least greatly modifies, every statement to which many took exception on the former occasion.

Well, Dr. Barton scores rather heavily, and many will shake their heads with disappointment that the most enterprising of Fishery Boards should have allowed such weighty theories to go forth to an attentive world without compassing some endeavour to confirm or check them by reference to newly-caught fish. Surely anglers of scientific turn would readily have obliged them with specimens of the year's catching, and we do not expect in the more vigorous air of the North Country that haughty independence of amateur collaboration which has so

often been the ruin of official enquiry in the South. It is to be hoped that all publicity may be given to the substance of this latest report on the life-history of the most fascinating of our fishes, for the subject is not set at rest; it is merely revived as an open question. Therein lies its attraction.

F. G. A.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

AMONG the novelists who claim a kind of sovereignty over a particular district, Mr. Eden Phillpotts holds a distinguished place. His latest book, to which is given the curious title “The Striking Hours” (Methuen), has the country near Chagford for its scene, and real or imaginary villagers for the characters in the fourteen short stories of which it consists. They are all clever and readable, though Mr. Phillpotts is always inclined a little to overdo his parts. Thus, for example, the semi-idiot of the first story, “Soft Sam,” would have stared in surprise if the author had told him, as he tells us, that “Soft Sam won his dreams from sunlight and moonlight; from the song of birds and the breaking of buds; from thunder grumbling over the granite moorland home; from crying of lovely rivers; from the cryptic writings of the Everlasting,” etc. This very fine writing is just as much out of place as it would be if said of a healthy collie dog. Indeed, the

wrong note is touched from the very beginning, and while the author would picture a child of nature, he has, in point of fact, drawn a figure from bookland. Most of the other tales are related in dialect, and some are very good indeed.

It is very proper for him who writes a county guide to have an eye for epitaphs, and this is to be imputed as a virtue to Mr. Milton, who has done Buckinghamshire for Black's excellent series. At Little Brickhill there is one epitaph, dated 1692, which begins:

“Under this weeping marble lies the knowing head and honest heart,
Fare bold and courteous hand and every part,
Of Robert Saling.”

Here is a more melancholy one of nearly the same date from Chicheley:

“All ye that passe hereby,
Ye may see where I lye;
Sone gone soner forgotten,
So shall you be that com after,
Wherefor Remember and Remember again.”

John Milton's mother is buried at Colnbrook, and the inscription on her tombstone is still quite legible: “Here lyeth the body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637.” At North Marston, John Schorne was rector from 1290 to 1314, and his epitaph is written in an old rhyme:

“Sir John Schorne,
Gentleman born,
Conjured the devil into a boot,”

which is excellent.

Matthew Bigot, twenty years rector of Beachampton, died in 1298, and has on the top of his tombstone these lines:

“Away thou must unto thy dust,
Hold fast thy chain, it is thy ga'n.”

And on either side

“Here you may see as in a glass
How swift thy time away doth pass.”

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Milton's book is largely devoted to epitaphs; on the contrary, it is full of cheerful and useful information.

That the general taste for building shows improvement is witnessed to by the fact that a fourth edition has been called for of “Bungalows and Country Residences” (Batsford), by Mr. R. A. Briggs. It is a sound and able architectural work, that should be consulted by all who meditate the erection of a country residence.

“The Four-leaved Clover” (Heinemann) has reverted in the hands of Maxwell Gray to a very old type, and the familiar love story is told as it has been told a thousand times before. There is a slight attempt at a plot which the reader obstinately refuses to credit with the shadow of probability. In the last page the united lovers have got no further than the aisle in the parish church, attended by bridesmaids and a page in green and white dresses embroidered with clovers—the reason for their predominance must be searched for by the curious—and so we leave them with the other shadows in the golden age.

“Naples, Past and Present” (Methuen), by Arthur H. Norway, is a very charming volume, whose tender pictures of the siren city and its ancient precincts realise for us the cogency of the popular proverb, “See Naples and die!” It is the city of the siren, Parthenope, and “Sacred to one of those sea nymphs whose marvellous sweet singing floated out across the waves and lured the ancient seamen rowing by in their strange old galleys, shaped after a long forgotten fashion, and carrying merchandise from cities which, thirty centuries ago and more, were broken by the sea in the depths of the waters.” Long generations of sailors had suffered from her perfidy before “Ulysses sailed by her rock, and saw the heap of whitening bones, and, last of all men, heard the wondrous melodies, which must have lured him, too, but for the tight thongs which bound him to the mast.” An old prediction said that when first a mariner went by their rock unscathed their reign would be at an end, and they must perish; so Parthenope and her two sisters drowned themselves, and the wondering Neapolitans found her body on their shore, and built her a shrine there, which was “mentioned by Strabo, the old Greek geographer, as being still shown in his day, not long after the birth of Christ.” The antiquity of shipping on these shores is measureless. A thousand years before Christ was born Greek ships were crossing the sea, bound for Sicily and the Campanian ports, their mariners compelled by the spell of

the unknown to dare all perils, and brave even "the surf and smoke of the *planctus*, or rocks that struck together, 'where not even do birds pass by, no, not the timorous doves which carry ambrosia for Zeus, but even of them the sheer rock ever steals one away, and the Father sends in another to make up the number.'" From Arabia, India, and far Cathay; from Phœnicia, from Alexandria, wonders were borne to its suburb of Pozzuoli; the Tyrians themselves had a factory here, and all the nations of the East brought hither their wares for sale. Seneca has left us a description of the stir that arose here when the great Egyptian fleet came each year in the spring; and here upon the shore is still the vast old temple of Serapis, the Egyptian goddess whom these strangers worshipped. Here the apostle Paul landed from the Castor and Pollux; there, at Sorrento, some galley from Alexandria set down the apostle Peter, "to win what souls he could among the rough dwellers in the mountains."

At Baia the nobles of ancient Rome built themselves palaces which have been reported as of fabulous beauty; here, at Posilipo, "every cliff bore its pleasure grounds." To-day their ruins line the shores; "ancient cisterns lie upon the beaches; the green tide washes over shattered colonnades; the boatmen, peering down through the clear water as they sink their nets," stir the seaweed from the sculptured walls, and "see the light wavering round the foundations of old palaces." Nero had the Empress Agrippina, his mother, murdered here at her villa by the Lucrine Lake. There, at Capri, across the bay, the Emperor Tiberius built himself twelve villas, according to Tacitus, and in these solitary palaces by cliff and shore lived a life of remorseless tyranny and wickedness. The boatman, rowing slowly beneath the vine-clad slopes of the island, still points out the half-submerged Baths, and tells tales of the strange life led by the imperial recluse, who studded the island with palaces and left it teeming with unsolved mysteries. A thousand generations, palpitating with like passions to our own, have lived and loved and died here, and now commingled dust in dust here they lie, undistinguishable, forgotten.

This was the city that Virgil loved. That little reef jutting out from the western cliff at Posilipo, where all is silent save for the ripple plashing on the beach of yellow sand—that is Virgil's Rock. He dwelt hard by upon the headland of Posilipo, and wrought these enchantments, which have made him "a magician in the memory of the Neapolitans," though he is a poet to the rest of the world. Looking across to the other horn of the bay, to the sheer cliff of the Pizzo-Falcone (Falcon's Beak), a small craggy island can be seen, which bears a hoary old castle low down by the water's edge. It is the Castel dell' Novo (Castle of the Egg), which local tradition affirms to have been built by the poet upon a magic egg, which guards it from destruction. Beneath its foundations, among those dim caverns which every child in Naples knows, hold secret hoards of treasure. There was no malignity in the poet's spells; he protected the city he loved from serpents and flies; he bridled the audacity of Vesuvius with a menacing arrow held ever on the string by a bronze horseman; he constructed a model of the city enclosed in a glass bottle, to be preserved for ever as a palladium against besiegers. What love the beneficent old wizard must have inspired who worked and loved so much, and, dying, still desired to be buried near where he had been used to watch and work so long! In the reign of Roger of Sicily, an English scholar got permission to search for his tomb, which he discovered in a mountain side, and the poet's silent rest of eleven centuries was disturbed by alien hands, and the eyes of strangers "saw the very lips that had spoken to Augustus, and the cheek which Horace kissed."

"Legends born of the subterranean fires haunt the neighbourhood. The Phlegrean Fields, heaving and steaming with volcanic fires, held, among the wilderness of craters, that Gate of Hell down which Æneas plunged in company with the Sibyl." Vesuvius, with his menacing column of smoke, looks down on Naples as he did on Pompeii and Herculaneum, before he buried them at his feet. Pliny's letter, describing his view of this catastrophe, as he was escaping with his mother from the palace of Misenum, gives one a striking glimpse of that dreadful day. "The ashes began to fall on us," he wrote; "I turned my head,

and observed a thick smoke rolling after us like a torrent. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, . . . Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, the cries of men, calling for children or parents or husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices. . . . A glimmering light appeared, the forerunner of a burst of flames. . . . Then, again, we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. . . . An awful tale! Yet, despite the many outbreaks since then, the coast is studded with towns, and the slopes of the dread mountain itself are dotted with 'white buildings, planted here and there in apparent oblivion of the floods of red-hot lava which have so often forced their way down the inclines towards the sea.' If Vesuvius, however, is a rough friend, he is a kindly one; he may drive the people to their prayers sometimes, which is no great harm; but his benefits of wonderful fertilisation are great, and 'the peasants, looking up, as they hoe their fields, at the curling wreaths of copper-coloured smoke, are content to take their chance of death in a cloud of scorching ashes, as did those who dwelt in Pompeii so very long ago.'

The annals of Naples in the Middle Ages are full of bloodshed and romance. The Houses of Anjou and Aragon, alternating in rule, and treachery, and cruelty, we have neither time nor space to linger over, only among their bloodstained chronicles, there is one fascinating page. When Charles of Anjou ruined the party of the Ghibellines throughout Italy, the Guelphs returned to Florence, and the closest ties sprang up between the city on the Arno and the city of the siren, and even the best brains of Tuscany flocked to Naples. The chief artist selected by King Robert to adorn Santa Chiara, his Chapel Royal, with frescoes was the great Florentine Giotto. The King, it is said, loved the man, and often came to chat with him. "If I were you, Giotto, I should stop painting, now it is so hot," the King observed one day. "So should I, if I were you," returned the artist drily, according to the old anecdote.

Among the Tuscan poets and artists who made the weary ten days' journey hither, attracted by King Robert's brilliant Court, were Petrarch and Boccaccio. The monarch graciously accorded them both his protection, and procured for the poet the laurel wreath. Here, in the Church of San Lorenzo, the prince of storytellers met the great love of his amorous life, the Princess Maria of Anjou, who figures in the "Decameron" as Fiammetta. "I found myself," he says, "in a fine church of Naples . . . and in it there was a singing compact of sweetest melody. I was listening to the Holy Mass celebrated by a priest, . . . the fourth hour of the day, according to my reckoning, having already passed down the Eastern sky, when there appeared to my eyes the wondrous beauty of a young woman, come hither to hear what I, too, heard attentively. I had no sooner seen her than my heart began to throb so strongly that I felt it in my slightest pulses, . . . and began to say, 'Oimé, what is this?'" And so her memory was linked with Boccaccio for evermore. He tried to tell us what she was like: "Hair, so blond that the world holds nothing like it, shadows a

white forehead of noble width, beneath which are the curves of two black and slender eyebrows, . . . under these two wandering and roguish eyes, with cheeks of no other colour than milk." Only a catalogue, after all. "The dead are dead, and no wizard can set them before us as they lived." We wander through the lanes and courtyards where Boccaccio sought his princess and had what stolen interviews none can tell, and heard, amid the maze of narrow ways, the thrumming of the lute and the patter of girls' feet.

But it were an endless, though a highly agreeable task, to follow our author into all the old legends and memories—tales of dead loves and forgotten warriors, of gods who once commanded worship, and who now have scarcely left the shadow of a name behind them. Naples is a shipwreck of past ages, a mass of *débris* from which a million jewels will be picked, a place to be loved by those who care most to "dream and dream by yonder amber light." Mr. Norwag's book was one well worth writing, and he has accomplished the task he set himself in a worthy and notable manner.



Richard N. Speaight, THE HON. ALETHEA GARDNER. 178, Regent St.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SYMPATHY OF NATURE.

WHAT a vivid splash of interest the presence of a hawk adds to a country scene; and is it not evidence that man was always a hunting animal, that one feels exhilarated and almost elated as one watches the strong-winged corsair of the sky cutting his keen way between a cowering valley and a hushed hillside? Even when our ancestors were fruit-eating mammals and wore tails—if they ever did so—they must have dearly loved to pounce upon the toothsome bird, and to vary their vegetarianism with a plump rodent taken unawares, otherwise we would, I think, have some instinctive dislike for birds of prey as messengers of death, such as we involuntarily feel for snakes and wolves; whereas being conquering creatures of prey ourselves, we are naturally all in sympathy with the fierce nobility of the eagle, though we may loathe the vulture, because it eats that which we regard as unfit for food, and would even batten on our own dead bodies. Possibly this, too, accounts for man's instinctive antipathy to harmless worms and useful scavenging insects.

TERROR OF THE HAWK.

This train of thought was started by the pleasure of watching a sparrow-hawk just now hunting for its dinner. The small birds always tell you when the hawk is passing—the disordered flight of a mob of twittering finches, some flinging themselves far and wide upon the wind, and others beating up towards the shelter of hedge or coppice, into which they drop suddenly like a shower of stones. Then come the scattering skylarks, not flying as when they vibrate slowly singing up the sky, but hurrying at speed as birds that have urgent business elsewhere, shrilly telling their terror as they go. The starlings are scattered in small companies, too, circling wide of the hawk's track, and then falling away with the wind in a still wider sweep to beat their way back slowly and cautiously to the fields which he has left behind. From safe cover of shrubbery and barn roof the sparrows chirp their hatred of the invader, and from the look-out on a tall poplar a rook shouts warnings to the country-side. Meanwhile the hawk zigzags in swift low flight along the margin of the stubble, now on this side of the hedge, dipping down to the tangled bank where he saw the momentary movement of a skulking bird; now on the other side, skimming low over the turnips into which a flustered bunting has plunged just in time; now shooting aloft to catch the flying perspective of both sides of a dividing hedge. Something here has caught his eye, for swiftly he swerves to the bare branch of a hedgerow oak, and, alighting, sits motionless and watchful.

HAWKS AND BIRD LIFE.

It is then that you realise how clean the panic of the hawk's arrival sweeps the fields. Only a trailing hue and cry of swallows and martins—confident in quick turns of flight that excel even the hawk's lightning swerves and dashes—tells you where the terror lurks. Often the hawk goes baffled and empty away; but sometimes as you look he shoots from the tree, and, before you realise his object, has met in flight some foolish finch or yellow-hammer, who simply disappears. The act is so neat, that you see no pursuit or capture; but the hawk passes on to pluck and eat his dinner somewhere out of ken. Sparrow-hawks are not common, however, all the year round in these broad and well-preserved acres. Only as autumn advances broods that have been reared elsewhere shift for themselves to our well-stocked stubbles and woodland and others come from overseas. In the same way we get in winter merlin, goshawk, falcon, and even eagle now and then, each following perhaps the migrants that he feeds upon, as the merlin the larks, goshawks the ducks, the falcon the plover, and the eagle the pink-footed goose. Harriers come, too, but against all these the keeper's gun goes off at sight. Still I am glad to think that one useful bird of prey, the kestrel, is more generally permitted to live and breed with us than it used to be, though there are still too many game preservers who make no protest when they see its carcase on their keepers' gibbets.

MULTIPLYING VOLES.

It may be that we shall need the kestrels badly in a year or two, as well as all the short-eared owls that can be tempted to come over at woodcock-time.

Even weasels may be welcomed as friends; for, unless something occurs to check their increase, we are coming within measurable distance of a plague of voles. Every now and then these little mouse-like mammals—indeed, they are generally called "short-tailed field-mice"—become a terror to large tracts of country-side, and though they have been visibly increasing in numbers with us for some years, this is the first season in which the mischief done by them in bog, pasture, or coppice has been greatly apparent, by ruined turf and buried saplings. After another mild winter and fine spring and summer—if such are in store for us—a "plague of voles," such as devastated parts of the country in 1875, would be far from unlikely.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

If data were examined, I expect that the sequence of favourable seasons would always be found responsible for the unusual multiplication of the voles, for their food is always plentiful and their "natural enemies" vary little in number. Conversely a series of favourable seasons for the voles must culminate in disaster for the plants which they affect. In a certain shrubbery, for instance, the common balsam had for some years been gaining a stronger foothold, scattering its seeds over a wider area each season. Now, however, the too numerous voles have turned their hungry attention to the balsams, and by gnawing through the juicy stems near the ground deprive them of all chance of ripening seed. Next year the space conquered by the balsams will be occupied by some other plant which the voles do not injure, and as many insects depend on plants and many birds on insects, a chain of cause and effect may be established as far-reaching as that with which Darwin linked the fertility of red clover and the number of old maids in any given locality.

WHEN RARE SPECIES ARE COMMON.

Some such chain of cause and effect exists, no doubt, to account for this year being, as entomologists say, a "Clouded-Yellow year," also a "Death's-head year" and a "Convolvulus year." By this is meant that the Clouded Yellow butterflies and the Death's-head and Convolvulus hawk-moths—or their caterpillars and chrysalides—are abnormally common, and no one has yet discovered why these insects should multiply so erratically. I have my own theory, however, which is that their abundance in any given year depends entirely upon the condition of agriculture at a particular time in the previous year. Take the Clouded Yellows, for instance. They feed upon clover and certain allied plants, and the probability is that their numbers are kept down in ordinary years because they appear, as they do, when the late crop of clover is in full bloom. Consequently, they have just time to lay their eggs upon it, when it is cut and carted away, and perhaps scarcely one-thousandth of what should have been the next generation escapes. When, however, the farmers have had, say, a very dry season, the clover may be in some places so poor that it is not worth cutting, and in others so early that most of it has been cut before the Clouded Yellows appear. These would then lay their eggs either upon wild trefoil or upon the clover stubble, and so the caterpillars would have full time to grow to maturity.

HAWK-MOTHS OF THE YEAR.

In the same way the Death's-head hawk-moth, whose caterpillar feeds upon potatoes, and the Convolvulus hawk-moth, whose caterpillars chiefly feed upon the potato plant and the bindweed which grows among such crops, respectively, may be rare after those seasons when the main crop of potatoes ripened and was dug just at the wrong moment for them. But the Death's-head caterpillar feeds also upon other plants, such as the cucumber and tomato, and it may be that the increased outdoor cultivation of these vegetables in recent years may have given it new chances. Yet if mere multiplication of its food-plant sufficed to make an insect common, next year ought to be a wonderful Painted Lady year, for, thanks (!) to successive dry summers and windy Augusts, its food-plant, the thistle, has dominated the pastures in terrible fashion. Whole tracts of what should be rich grazing ground, along our coasts especially, have for many weeks been little better than vast thistle-beds covered with flying clouds of down like sea foam.

E. K. R.

THE COTTINGHAM STUD.

IF the glory of Northern race-courses has become a thing of the past, and with the solitary exception of the St. Leger there is no race which takes place north of the Trent upon which any great attention need be bestowed, the North Country still holds its own as a breeding-place, and it still turns out good horses, who, coming South, uphold the honour of the old land. And no man among Northern breeders is better known than Mr. Simons Harrison, and everybody, or nearly everybody, who attends the Doncaster sales turns eagerly to his catalogue to see what Mr. Harrison has to offer, knowing full well that it is by no means improbable that the record price of the sale may be bid for one of them, and being perfectly certain that, at any rate, some of his horses are destined to live in history. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine a Doncaster sale in which the name of Mr. Simons Harrison did not appear, and appear prominently. Cottingham is four miles from Beverley, and in position may perhaps be described as a little isolated. But, after all, the stock are not called upon to make many journeys during the year, and neither the air nor the accommodation at Cottingham leaves anything to be desired, while the name of Tom Wilberforce, Mr. Harrison's veteran stud groom, is almost a household word wherever men are gathered together to whom the breeding of the highest class of horse is a matter of interest.

The number of yearlings which will be seen at Doncaster is a little in advance of previous years, and altogether they make a round dozen, and taken collectively they are a remarkably fine lot, so much so,



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FILLY BY KENDAL—STIRRUP CUP.

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that Mr. William P'Anson, whose judgment in the matter of horseflesh is as nearly infallible as the laws of human frailty will allow, was thoroughly satisfied with them when he recently made an inspection; and one point which especially struck him, and a point which attracted my attention also, was the splendid condition which they were in. There is evidently no pampering or mistaken protective fooling at Cottingham, and the yearlings were all sound and in hard condition and, apparently, in the best of health. Many and many a race-horse is spoiled in his early home life, for unless some foundation is laid in his yearling days upon which the trainer can work with safety, a break up, and an early break up too, is inevitable. Taking the yearlings in their order, the first we come to is a colt by Trenton out of River Plate, and, as the accompanying photograph shows, he looks like being one of those lengthy, well-furnished horses who can gallop and stay for ever; and when we remember that River Plate is already the dam of winners by that grand old horse Hampton, and is also the grandam of The Rush, we see at once that here, at any rate, is a strain of rare staying blood which it would be hard to improve upon without considerable thought, more especially as The Rush, as readers will remember, was a horse with a chequered career, and that, if he had not been banished about from pillar to post, he would probably have achieved even greater victories than he did, and his descendant, like himself, stands over a lot of ground and possesses the best of limbs.

Fashions in race-horses, like fashions in everything else, "alter year by year"; but the best in everything must remain fashionable by its own weight, and the name of Orme as a sire is always sufficient to attract very considerable attention, more especially when the dam has also pretensions to be considered as a member of the first class; so that the colt by Orme out of Jersey Lily should be certain of close attention. Jersey



W. A. Rouch.

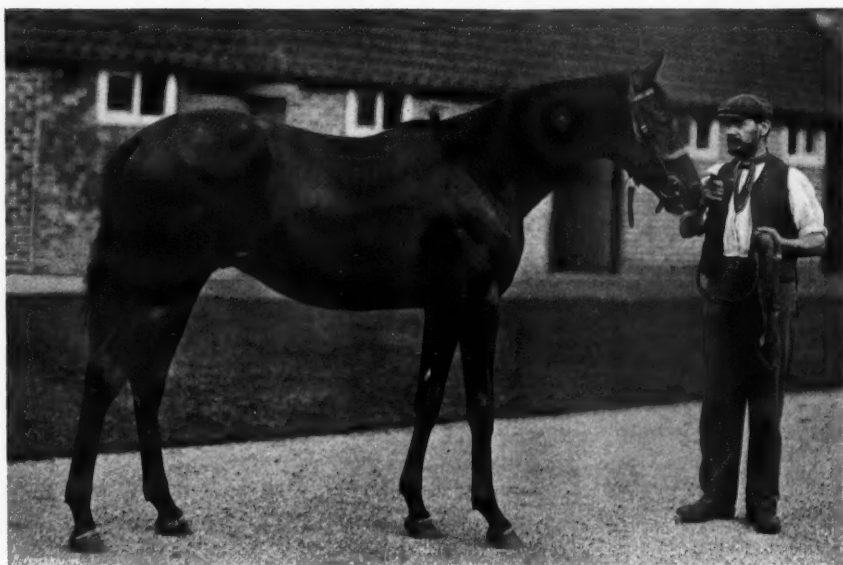
COLT BY FLORIZEL II.—MORPHINE.

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and assures us that "she is the best-looking filly in Europe." This is a large order; but while we hint that the pride of possession may have something to do with the statement, we cannot help admitting that her breeder has more than a little justification. Built for racing in every sense of the word—and not only for racing, but pre-eminently qualified to fulfil her work at the stud in years to come—big in the bone, with plenty of reach and length, and, needless to say when her sire is remembered, by no means deficient in quality, I can safely leave the valley of fact for the mountain-top of prophecy and predict that it will be a long price which will take her from Cottingham.

Isinglass will always be a name to conjure with, and the next filly, by Isinglass out of Helen's Tower, is another animal over which Mr. Harrison is apt to become enthusiastic; and, indeed, if I might hazard a totally unsupported opinion, I should be inclined to say that the Florizel II. filly and the Isinglass filly are his two favourites. They are certainly a beautiful pair, and in the case of the Isinglass filly she adequately reproduces the excellences of her sire, and although Helen's Tower cannot claim a very distinguished record, her stock already include a few winners.

Passing over a brown filly by Janissary, the sire of Jeddah, out of Butterine, dam of St. Beurre, who, to put it plainly, looked a little common by the side of the last two, we come to a filly by St. Frusquin out of Pamela (who was the dam of Galatia), and this filly, again, should prove to be a potential Oaks winner, if breeding and looks are any criterion at all, and Mr. Harrison tells me that until a week back both himself and Wilberforce had more than a little cause for anxiety about her, but that suddenly she took a turn, and has grown and improved to such an extent that people who saw her a little time ago have failed in some cases to recognise her at all, and I do not think that she can compare with any of the batch except perhaps the Kendal—Stirrup Cup filly, for



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COLT BY ORME—JERSEY LILY.

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Lily, it will be remembered, was the dam of Easthorpe, a horse who clearly proved himself a stayer by winning the Liverpool Cup and a number of other races. Speaking carelessly, this colt is one of the biggest yearlings I ever saw, but there is nothing straggling or half-formed about him. On the contrary, he is put together in beautiful proportion, well-ribbed, deep in the girth, while his forehead is as near perfection as it could be.

Merman, I think it will be allowed, can be safely counted among the best horses of the last few years, and the chestnut colt by Patron, who was a half-brother to Mrs. Langtry's great horse, bears a distinct family resemblance to his illustrious relation, to whom, let us hope, he will do credit.

The inevitable St. Simon is bound to occur nowadays in every stud of the first class, so it was no surprise when I was introduced to a colt by Florizel II. out of Morphine, by Friar's Balsam, and I was struck in a moment by the great likeness to Floriform, a horse whose merits and demerits have been the subject of no little discussion during the season, but who at his best is undoubtedly a good horse, as, for instance, witness his victories in the Middle Park Plate last year and his running at Ascot and Hurst Park during the present season. A May foal, this colt is naturally a little backward, but that will mend itself, and both in his appearance and action he resembles his sire and also Doricles, whose record for the season is far better now than it appeared likely to be during the early months of the year. It would be difficult, indeed, to find blood more likely to produce a Gold Cup winner than a combination of Friar's Balsam and Florizel II., and I, for one, shall watch the career of this colt with interest.

Coming to the fillies, we find Mr. Harrison, who, up to the present, has been satisfied, enthusiastic to the highest degree, and, as we stand and admire a filly by Kendal out of Stirrup Cup, he gives full vent to his feelings,



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FILLY BY ISINGLASS—HELEN'S TOWER.

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COLT BY TRENTON—RIVER PLATE.

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whom I confess a great yearning, which I am afraid will not be satisfied. A bay filly by Amphion out of Marsh Marigold and a chestnut filly by Patron complete the string, and if they do not obtain prices which shall compare favourably with those obtained for other strings, let me be writ down large as a person of no discrimination.

F. D.

RACING NOTES.

NOBODY, I think, will deny that the proposed legislation which the Jockey Club have just put forward on the subject of selling races compares favourably with anything of the same nature which has been initiated for some time, and I for one would not be sorry to see the selling race completely obliterated, or, if that is impossible, relegated to the deepest dungeon in the Tower. Any race in which the stake is of so infinitesimal an amount that it is impossible for an owner to run in it without, of necessity, backing his horse heavily, cannot but be a standing danger to the better interests of the Turf. During past years—and, I had almost said, during past weeks—the selling race, more especially the small selling race, has always been the event chosen by the remorseless gambler when in search of what he modestly describes as a parcel, and he finds less difficulty in coming to some amicable and mutually lucrative arrangement with the owners of the other runners under these circumstances, with the inevitable result that “form” becomes ludicrous, suspicion runs rife, the gentle bookmaker is paralysed, and the stewards of the meeting, although sublimely conscious of great wrong somewhere, are not able to secure sufficient evidence on sufficient ground to authorise them to come out in pursuit of the elusive offenders. But, like other men who are anxious for much good in a short space of time, the successful manipulator and master mind in selling races is bound to take risks, and the principal risk which he takes is that of losing his horse, owing to the fact that some unfriendly opponent (when such there be) can always claim any defeated animal by paying the value of the stakes and the selling price of the animal, and this most fortunately acts as some kind of curb upon the voracity and acquisitive greed of the owner who is in a hurry to grow rich. It is not pleasant, after everything has been arranged to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, to lose a horse worth perhaps £500 for, say, £250, when he is just beaten by a short head, and nobody who knows much about racing will accuse me of betraying confidences when I say that the owner of a favourite in a selling race has, not infrequently, to spend much time and much “palm oil” in persuading his opponents that his horse is not worth buying, and in obtaining from them more or less reliable promises that when he is put up for auction their mouths shall be sealed and their heads shall not nod. The Jockey Club have watched this sort of thing for years with passive displeasure, but now at last, in the fulness of time, when the weak-hearted were becoming weary of waiting and even the strong men sighed in vexation of spirit, they have taken action, and propose (1) That: “Any horse engaged in a selling race and not struck out shall be liable to be claimed before the race by the owner of any horse in the race under the usual conditions, and the claim must be made fifteen minutes before the time fixed for weighing out.” (2) That: “The sale of a horse in any selling race must be at least half the value of that race.” The first clause will put the fear of death into the habitual operator in selling races, since it makes his task of pacification and arrangement very much larger; and the second clause will ensure that the owner of a winner shall receive an adequate price for his animal, and will tend to stop the inflated bidding which so frequently takes place under certain circumstances. Let us hope sincerely that in due course both these excellent suggestions will become racing law. But the Jockey Club, once safely embarked upon the swift sea of drastic innovation, evidently do not feel inclined to loll in the shallows, and their next suggestion finds them in deep waters, and it seems to be likely to provoke a great deal of trouble and to upset a large

number of recognised postulates without being of any very material benefit to anybody. It is this—that “the weights for no handicap other than a Free Handicap shall be published more than a month before such a race is run,” so that instead of being able to deal with the spring and autumn handicaps in two batches collectively, hardly a week will pass without the publication of important weights, and, at any rate to the trainer and to the sporting Press, “multiplication” in this case “is” certainly “vexation.” The last suggestion of the Jockey Club is so obvious and so practical that we can only marvel that it has never been put forward before. It is simply as follows: “That no horse of three years old or upwards shall be allowed to start in any race without a registered name.”

The brilliant success of M. Cannon during the last few days has been one of the most interesting incidents of a most interesting season, and it should go far to show up the pessimists who were a little time ago lifting up their voices in hysterical and quite undeserved lamentations about the decadence of our modern jockeys, and, to my mind, he received his “crowning mercy” at Hurst Park last Saturday when he beat L. Reiff. I put it in this way with malice aforethought, for I do not believe that William III. beat Volodyovski, but that M. Cannon beat L. Reiff; and, going further than that in the arrogance born of success, I would say, that whenever they meet and wherever they meet in a close run race, in which 4lb. or 5lb. represents the difference between the two competitors, M. Cannon will win rather than the American jockey. Let us take the story of the race for the Lennox Stakes, and see for ourselves what happened. As is usual nowadays, the Americans dropped their tactics of racing all the way,

and were content to run the earlier portion of the race at a fair pace in the English fashion, allowing Dark Duchess to make the running. At the bottom turn Reiff did an imprudent thing—he allowed Cannon to pass him, thus relinquishing of his own free will and without an effort the coveted inside berth, which, as everybody knows, is, and must be, the nearest way home; and from that moment he never looked like winning, for the yard or two given away just represented the difference by which he should have won; and with William III. struggling like a Trojan, and M. Cannon riding with all that patient brilliancy for which he is so noted, the verdict went against Volodyovski by a head after a grand race. Moral: The nearest way home is the best, and having obtained the inside, keep it.

The victory of Doonchary was one of those things which all the racing world anticipated but what hardly any of the racing world does anticipate, and what it would probably not believe, even if the proverbial angel inconvenienced himself for the purpose of conveying the information to it, is that possibly Doonchary may turn out to be the pick of the basket, and that when next season is ended, and the incontrovertible Book lies open for all to read who list, the name of Doonchary will be “writ big” across the pages, and not the name of Sceptre, Lavengro, or Duke of Westminster. Much more unlikely things have happened in the history of racing before now.

BUCEPHALUS.

ON THE GREEN.

BRAID, Taylor, and Vardon, the three great men of golf, naming them in the order of their latest holding of the championship, have been on tour in the West and North of Scotland; that is to say, that the three have been playing on the Western greens of Prestwick and Troon, while Braid and Taylor have also visited Nairn to show the native people golf as she is played in the highest degree. There have been very busy times indeed with the golf all round the shores of the Moray and Dornoch Firths, with tournaments at Lossiemouth and Dornoch, in addition to the visit of the great professionals. At Prestwick, to complete the quartette, Hunter, the local player, was taken into the great company, and played worthily up to his golfing name, although he could not quite



W. A. Rouch.

FILLY BY FLORIZEL II.—MERRY BELL.

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equal the more famous strangers in the scoring round that was the business of the morning. Vardon led them all, with a very fine score of 74. Braid and Taylor were equal for second place at 76 each, and Hunter was two strokes behind this pair at 78; but with the mighty assistance of Baid in the afternoon the last-named ally upheld the honour of Scotland against the English pair, Vardon and Taylor, and won a close match in which the scores were returned at 79 for the Scotsmen and 81 for the others. At the adjacent links of Troon, on the day following, it was Fernie, the veteran of the company, resident on the spot, and still well able to hold his own with the best, that came into the game and made a goodly showing, for he equalled Vardon's score of 76, these two taking second place this time to Braid, who did a fine 74, while Taylor brought up the rear with 78. On the afternoon of this day, Scotland, with Braid and Fernie as her representatives, halved a finely-played match with the Englishmen, the scores on both sides being returned at 76—good play in a foursome.

On the same day a young player of the Ashdown Forest Club, Mr. Cecil Burns, did a really good thing in winning the open scratch prize at Dornoch. If he gets time to give to the game it ought not to be the last that is heard of him in big competitions by a long way, for he has plenty of power, can play all his clubs, and, apparently, can play them well when he wants to. There is more in this faculty, for achieving success in golf, than often is realised.

On the same day, also, the Morayshire tournament was decided at Lossiemouth, Mr. Davidson winning the final heat from Mr. Donaldson rather easily. The winner had just been hard put to it in his previous tie, wherein he beat Mr. McCulloch only at the nineteenth hole, after halving the round.

Braid played two wonderfully good rounds at Nairn on the day before his exhibition game with Taylor. He was 73 to the first round, with one bad hole in it, and his second round was 70. The previous best score was 72, so the quality of the play is apparent. Even in this 70 he had a five for a hole that ought to have been, as he was playing, an easy three. But he had three at one or two four holes to make up. Taylor played two good rounds of 74 and 75; good enough, but not so good as Braid's.

In the set exhibition match of the morning following, both men played wonderfully strong and consistent golf. Braid had a little the advantage (not a great deal) in the driving, but Taylor squared this again by his very good approaching. He got one up, at the fourth hole, and only once lost that lead, for a single hole, at the twelfth, regaining it at the thirteenth. At the fifteenth a long putt made him dormy two, and at the sixteenth Braid's loose putting gave the match to Taylor, who also won the bye by one. His score was 71, and the course was a trifle longer than on the day before.

In the afternoon was played a foursome, in which *pars parva fui*, Braid and myself playing Mr. Clive Lawrence and Taylor. It went all the wrong way, and we suffered defeat by five holes. Mainly the fault was mine, in collaboration with some indifferent strokes by Braid and some marvellous good putts by Taylor. But of finding a reason for defeat there is no end, and much explanation is a weariness of the flesh.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE PAVILION.

IT was quite a new rôle that the Yorkshiremen played at Brighton, when for the whole of a cricket day they found themselves stone-walling for dear existence. Not that their existence as champions depended on the outcome of the game; their ready victory over Essex had already left their position unassailable, but a stupendous defeat, such as stared them in the face, would have been a serious blow to prestige, and accordingly, as Sussex had not merely helped themselves to 560 runs for the loss of but five wickets, but had further, on a true, hard wicket, dismissed eight Yorkshiremen for 49 runs, no other course was open to them. This first innings realised 92, and then Brown and Tunncliffe remained unparted till 107 runs—30 by extras!—had been scored, and the match was abandoned, the two batsmen named having stone-walled for two hours and fifty minutes in a fashion that might have made Scotton and Alec Bannerman, Quaife and Kinneir, turn green with envy. Comment on the cricket is unnecessary, further than to record that Killick scored 200, Fry 209, and Ranjitsinhji 86 not out, and that Killick being left-handed, the Yorkshiremen had, by estimation, to cross over 140 times for as many strokes that scored but one run! The extra fatigue thereby entailed may help to account for that brevity of their innings. It is also worth remembering that the excellence of a modern wicket favours the "goose game" as much as it favours the production of enormous totals. Sussex, by the way, having scored 501 against Middlesex, made over 1,000 runs during the week for the loss of only fifteen wickets. Fry having in three matches—the one of the previous week against Hants being included—scored in successive innings 88, 107, 209, and 149, he ought to have his "eye in" by this time. Middlesex, after drawing a match with Notts, owing to the impossibility of breaking through Iremonger's defence, fared no better against Lancashire, as the fine batting of Garnett and Cuttell enabled the Northern county to escape defeat, and even to send Middlesex in for a short spell of batting. Trott reappeared for his county, and scored some runs and got a few wickets, but the cream of the batting rose to the top, *i.e.*, to the first two players, Warner and James Douglas, who opened the score with 218 runs, Warner having 76 and Douglas, who stayed somewhat longer, 143. Kent found in Hants an easier victim than Sussex had done in the previous week, and by scoring 534 quite wiped that county out, their batsmen again raising three centuries, to Burnup, Day, and Baker, Burnup having performed the same feat just before against Somerset, but some admirable bowling by Bradley, who took nine wickets in the first innings for eighty-seven runs, had much to do with Kent's success. To those who care for figures it may be interesting to note that in the *Field* of last week, where only first-class matches are reckoned, there are to be found one total of over 600, five of more than 500, and six in excess of 400, while in several of these figures are those of "closed" innings. Further, of individual centuries there are twenty-nine, not including the two hundreds of Fry and Killick.

Derbyshire, still decadent, was utterly beaten by Worcestershire, if the term "utterly" is appropriate to a defeat by an innings, seven wickets, and 120 runs. Both H. K. and R. E. Foster made hundreds—R. E. 111 in seventy minutes—likewise Bowley; Wilson and Pearson, the bowlers, did the rest.

Abel and his *confrère*, Hayward, have had good times, the former having scored successive innings of 79, 93, and 163, the latter of 93, 83 not out, and 95. Hayward has now made about seven scores of more than

90 and of less than 100, so that it would seem as if his nerve fails him when the last few runs have to be got. Whatever the cause, the fact is curious; and I note in the same number of the *Field* that nine men failed at the same juncture. Gloucestershire played a wonderfully good match with Essex, though high scoring was not the rule, for Essex, having made but 270 and 265 (for nine) against Gloucestershire's 230, sent the latter in for three hours' batting. In one hour seven of the best men, bar Rice, were out, and the match seemed over, but Rice's unwearied defence found such support that, though two more wickets fell, the tenth never did, though the last man (Boroughs) had to stay for nearly half-an-hour, which to his great credit he did. I note a curious fact in the match between Derbyshire and Warwickshire, namely, that the latter won easily in one innings without sending either Quaife or Kinneir or Lilley in to bat, yet these three men are by the statistics at the head of the Warwickshire averages. It is almost needless to add that the state of the ground called for rapid scoring, and that the hitters soon marked the weak Derbyshire attack. It was interesting to note what a cordial reception was given to Mold by the crowd when, appearing at Lord's for Lancashire, he went in to bat, and very soon afterwards, when he was put on to bowl. One could not help feeling that the sympathies of the spectators were with the famous bowler more than with the famous umpire; on this occasion not only was his action closely watched, but passed the ordeal satisfactorily in every way, though the bowler's success—was it *propter hoc*?—was limited to two wickets, "tail" wickets too, for 69 runs. I have just heard that Lord Hawke has realised one of his ambitions, in that Yorkshire by beating Kent has won its twentieth county match, a very remarkable record. The scoring was not extraordinary, though Burnup made 83 to outweigh Tunncliffe's 71, but Hirst's bowling in the second innings was, as by taking seven wickets for 27 runs he had much to do with the dismissal of the Kent eleven for 63 runs. This was a grand termination of the county season, both for the side and for the man who has done so much for it, but Rhodes did an equally fine piece of work in the first innings, viz., eight wickets for 55 runs, all the last five falling to him for the odd 5 runs. Yorkshire indeed owes more, if possible, to its bowling and fielding than to its batting, fine and consistent as that has been.

W. J. FORD.



ADDERS SWIMMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I confess to an error in my recent article on the food of reptiles? My friend, Dr. Leighton, writes me that he never saw adders pursuing moles in water, though he has taken those mammals from their inside. Nor does he think it likely that adders would voluntarily take to the water. I must have misunderstood an old letter of his.—AFLALO.

COLD STORAGE FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly insert the following query for me in your paper: I am anxious in a house I am building in the country to put up some small simple and cheap system of cold storage, as I find the waste of food in hot weather very large. Can any of your readers help me who have had experience in this way, as to best system and probable cost. A room of 500ft. to 600 ft., cubic, would be ample. I have electricity as a motive power.—M. B. G.

THE POLE-TRAP AGAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sharing as I do your views as to this engine, I hope you will allow me to record the following incident, as a practical contribution to the question. On the evening of August 20th, about half-past six, I happened to enter a woodland drive in my immediate neighbourhood which commands a view of a pole-trap erected on some open ground skirting the plantation. The pole is a tall one, and forms a conspicuous object viewed along the vista of the drive which I was entering. Noticing something at the top of the pole, I went up to it, and found a fine tawny owl hanging from the trap, head downwards. Then I pulled up the pole from its socket, and brought it, trap and all, to the ground. The bird was still alive, but had been caught by both legs, which were mangled and bleeding. I extricated it from the gin, but though capable of uttering a faint cry and of moving its eyelids, it was too exhausted to fly. I then made my way to the keeper's cottage and reported the matter. Now, Sir, at this time of year the sun rises about five o'clock in the morning. This bird must, therefore, have been hanging from the trap, and dying by inches, for at least twelve hours. As you yourself have, if I mistake not, pointed out, the pole-trap catches nothing but owls and kestrels—a fact fully confirmed by my own experience. A kestrel with a young family to feed will sometimes take a young pheasant from the coop, if she finds one handy, and such marauders can be shot, but I should be glad to hear of any authenticated instance of pheasants attacked by an owl of any kind. Of the tawny owl Howard Saunders says: "The food consists chiefly of voles, rats, mice, shrews, squirrels, moles, and occasionally of small birds, insects, and surface-swimming fishes." Of the kestrel he writes: "In northern counties the kestrel preys chiefly on mice, birds being seldom taken; to the southward it feeds largely on beetles, grasshoppers, and other insects." Unsportsmanlike, however, as the use of the pole-trap is—unsportsmanlike because it destroys the friends rather than the foes of game—I fear it is quite hopeless to induce the keeper to think so. If all owners of preserves would forbid their keepers to erect a pole-trap, on pain of instant dismissal, we might hope to see the last of this infernal contrivance. That a very large number of landowners have already done so I have little doubt; and if an influential paper such as COUNTRY LIFE would invite all such to send in their names with a view to printing a list of them, when a sufficient number to avoid all appearance of singularity had been received, it is probable that others would be encouraged to follow their good example.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

HOW TO SCARE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you would be interested to hear of an excellent method of keeping fruit trees from being damaged by the birds. I used to have a lovely big Persian cat, who got poisoned and died. I then had him stuffed in the attitude of catching a bird, and put him on my favourite cherry tree, and changed his position every day. This frightened the birds to such an extent that not a single cherry on that tree was touched. I now have taken him indoors, and intend to use him next season, I trust, with the same success.—A. M. BURN.

THE ONLY SAILING-BOAT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs (taken with a "oo" size Frena camera) which I think may be of interest to those of your readers who care for sailing, for they are views of the only sailing-boat (I believe) now to be found in the Transvaal—certainly the very latest one, I should say. Very soon after being sent here for duty it struck me that on one of the two big dams here one might have quite a good time in only a sailing-boat of some kind could be constructed. Accordingly in my spare time designs were evolved for a "lee-board sharpie," or something like one. One of the carpenters belonging to the factory was set to work on it in his spare time; he knew nothing of boat-building, but worked carefully to the designs, and made a very excellent and substantial job of it. (It is a wooden frame covered with canvas.) The boat is about 13 ft. over all, and being so flat and shallow she was given 5 ft. beam. About 5 ft. amidships is absolutely box-shaped, the straight sides taking well the two big lee-boards of 3-16 in. iron

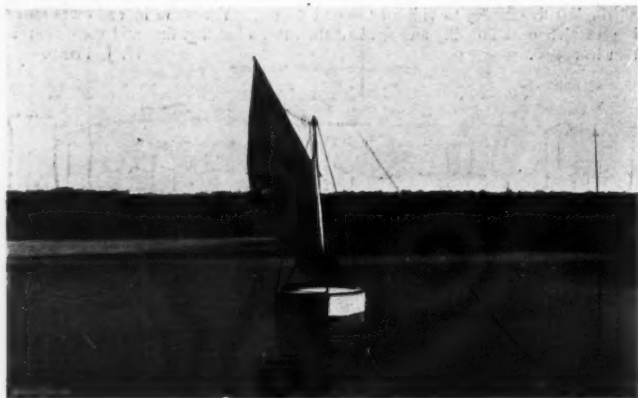


plate. Her sail area is about 78 square feet. The making of the sails, by the way, was a great difficulty, but it was finally overcome with fair success by a crafty master-tailor and an equally excellent collar-maker! Now she is finished she turns out to be quite a success, and some of us have already had a lot of fun in her; she goes well to windward, and is very handy and stiff. To sit in her on a breezy day, and feel the breeze heeling her and see it curving the jib, and to hear the rush and lap of the ripples, is quite a treat to a keen boat-sailer who has not been near a sailing-boat for eighteen months—one might almost fancy one's self on some well-remembered Norfolk Broad, instead of being in the middle of this "disstressful country."—CAPTAIN A. S. BUCKLE, R.F.A.

OLD PEWTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can you tell me (1) how to brighten old pewter, (2) how to know it for pewter, (3) the value of it? Any other information on the subject I shall be very grateful for.—Y.

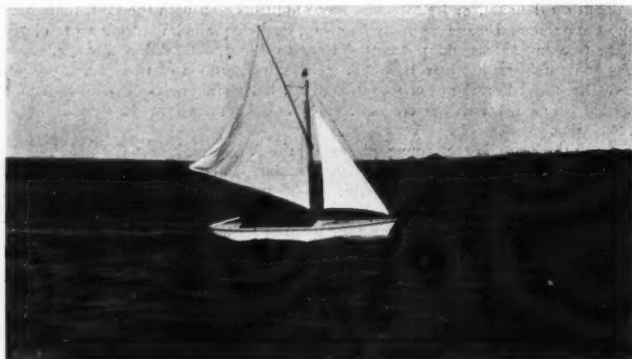
[An adequate reply to these questions would require an article, but the following may be useful to you, and to others who are collecting pewter: 1. The best medium for cleaning pewter is Goddard's plate-powder, but washing and methylated spirit is very useful for giving a polish. Where the articles have been neglected and are very dirty, a beginning might be made with ordinary soap and hot water. 2. There is not much difficulty in recognising pewter. Apart from its appearance it almost invariably, except in the case of very old specimens—of which there are very few in the market—bears upon the back certain maker's marks which from their character and size can hardly be mistaken. 3. The price of pewter plates, the form in which pewter is now most frequently found, varies from 1s. 6d. to 4s. or 5s., according to condition, but dealers will often ask more for a set in particularly good order. More elaborate articles are, of course, more expensive. It may be added that it is desirable not to rub the back of pewter-plate for fear of ultimately wearing out the marks.—ED.]



ABOUT ROCK GARDENING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—1. What is the best month to start a rock garden? 2. The aspect proposed faces west and is slightly overhung by trees, but has plenty of air circulating; is this sufficiently good? 3. My soil is a heavy marl, and cakes very easily in dry weather. What is the best all-round soil to use for rock plants? 4. I should be glad of the names of a few quick-growing plants that



will make some show next spring. 5. Could you recommend me an inexpensive book on the ordinary easily-grown rock plants?—V. L.

[1. September is the best month to start a rock garden. 2. Not very good. The nearness of trees is a great disadvantage. Any other aspect would be better; choice of plants must be made accordingly. You can see a full description of suitable plants in "Wall and Water Gardens," by Miss Jekyll (Newnes), in the chapter on the "Rock-wall in Sun." 3. With the natural soil mix plenty of leaf mould and sand, to the extent of nearly half the bulk, and bury stones under ground. This will do for all but special chalk-loving plants. 4. *Achillea umbellata*, *Alyssum saxatile*, *Antennaria tomentosa*, *Armeria vulgaris*, *Linaria hepaticifolia*, *Aubrietia græca*, *Iberis sempervirens*, *Cerastium tomentosum*, *Tunica Saxifraga*, *Saxifraga umbrosa*, *Phlox setacea* varieties. 5. "Alpine Flowers," Robinson (John Murray).—ED.]

CREEPER FOR DAMP WALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a perpendicular brick wall which I am anxious to cover with some creeper. The bottom of the wall is in about 3 in. of water (in time of flood from 1 ft. to 2 ft.), and I should be much obliged if you could inform me of anything which would be likely to do well under these conditions. We are subject to severe frosts, so it must necessarily be of a hardy nature. If there is no creeper, can you tell me of a pretty and hardy shrub or reed which would flourish? The wall is about 6 ft. high.—R. G.

[Would some reader kindly answer this.—ED.]

THE SEVEN SISTERS ROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of the old-fashioned rose, the Seven Sisters, which is growing on an archway over the drive. It is about 12 ft. high, and one mass of bloom, not only on the arch, but also over the shrubs which grow near to it. If this photograph is of any interest, you are quite welcome to make any use of it you like.—C. M. BETTERTON, Overseal, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

[We are very pleased to receive a photograph of so interesting a rose as this. It is one of those good climbers of which we can scarcely have too many in the garden, being very free in growth and in flower; but the illustration speaks for itself, and shows a good use to make of so free a climber in all ways.—ED.]

FILTRATION GUTTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry made by your correspondent "G.F.E." in COUNTRY LIFE for August 17th, I should think (as apparently no objection is taken to the labour of pumping) that a small tank might be erected above the ground into which the sewage could be pumped from the cesspool for, say, half-an-hour every day. From this tank a pipe of small bore might be led to

discharge the sewage on to a bacterial filter-bed, after passing through which, if properly distributed and aerated, the effluent would be fit to turn into a ditch or stream, or to soak away into the ground if the soil is sufficiently porous. The filter-bed would take six weeks' use (about) before any great purification of the sewage would take place, as time has to be allowed for cultivation of the bacteria in the bed. In the absence of particulars as to levels, surroundings, etc., it is impossible to go into any details as to construction.—R. WOOD, M.Sc., Inst.